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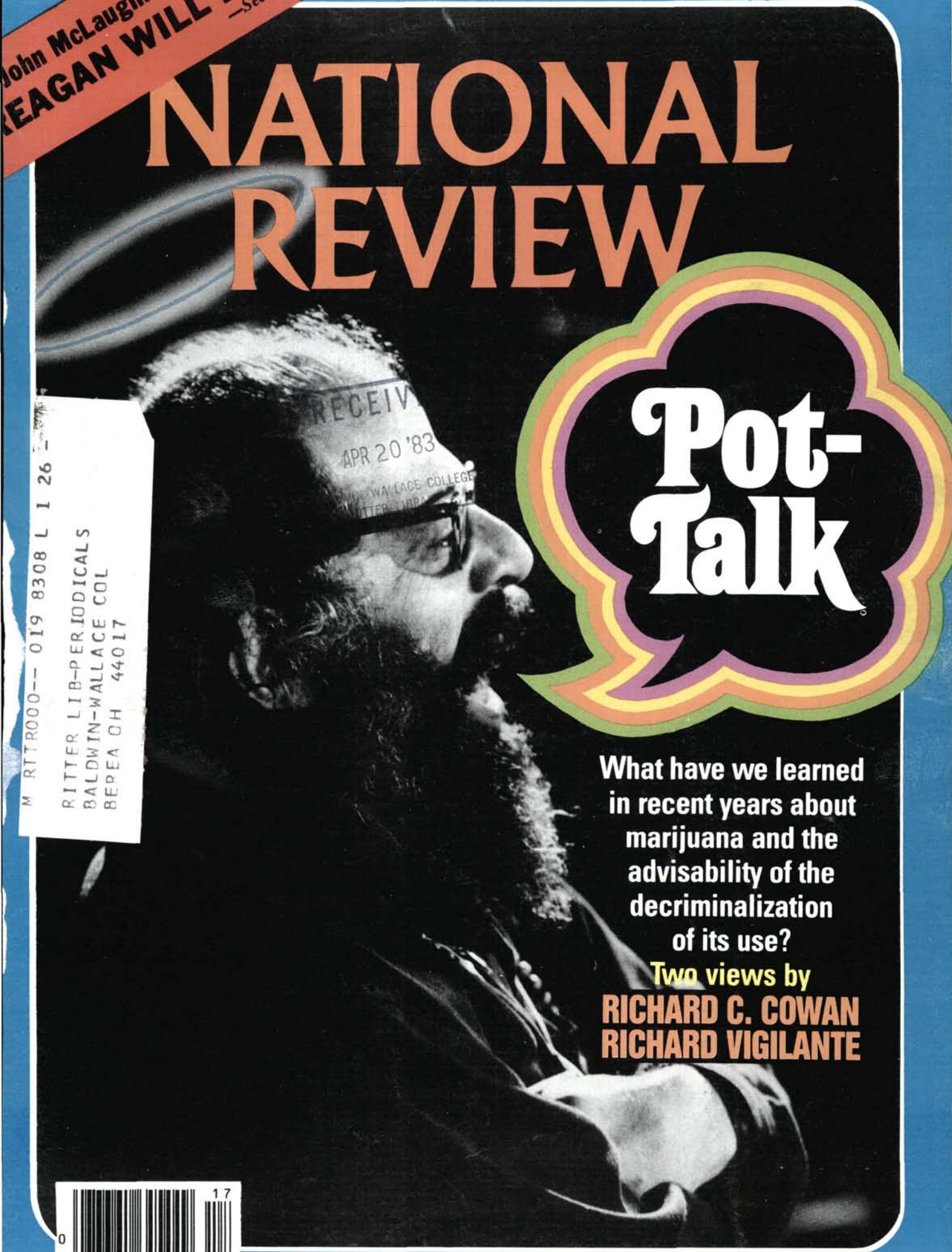
APRIL 29, 1983

John McLaughlin says
REAGAN WILL RUN
—See page 482

NATIONAL REVIEW



Pot-Talk

What have we learned in recent years about marijuana and the advisability of the decriminalization of its use?

Two views by
RICHARD C. COWAN
RICHARD VIGILANTE

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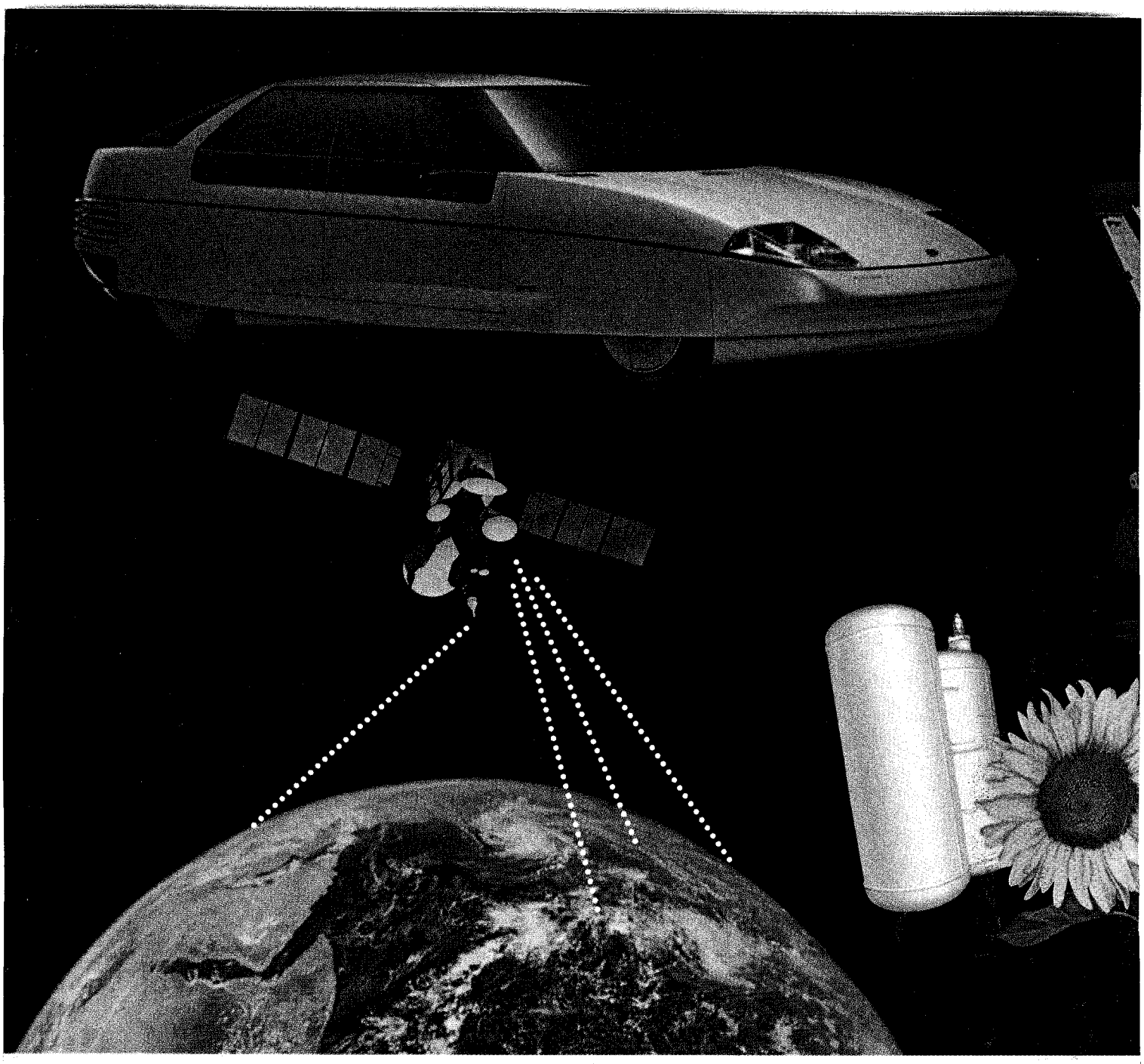

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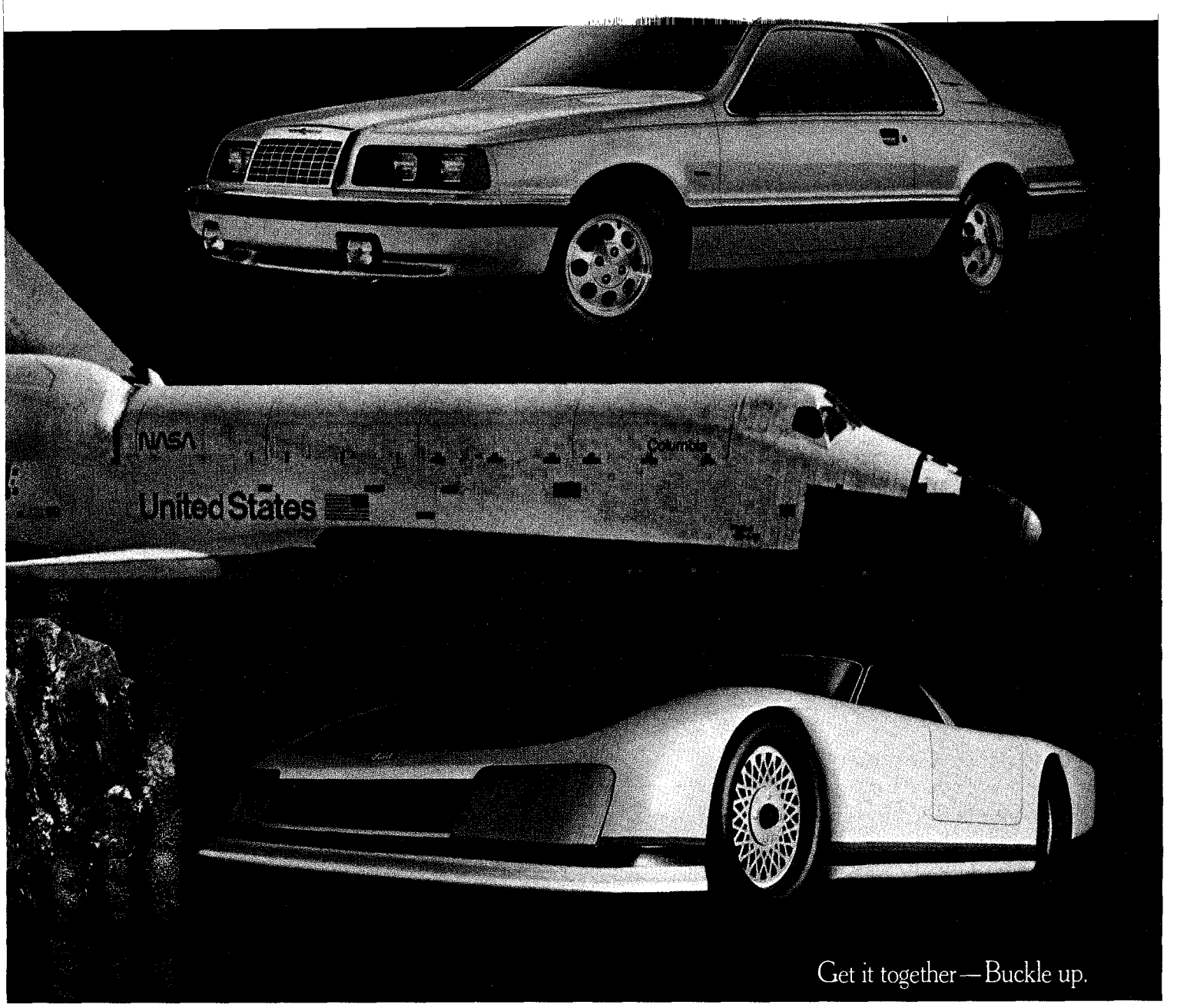

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 29, 1983
VOL. XXXV, NO. 8
ISSN: 0028-0038

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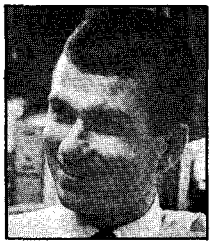

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Pot-Talk

485 Is Decriminalization Advisable?

No. Ten years later, the scientific evidence is in on some propositions advanced in a famous NATIONAL REVIEW article. Marijuana *does* have serious effects on mind, lungs, and reproductive system. The empirical case for decriminalization has collapsed. *Richard Vigilante*

Yes. Supporters of decriminalization don't say marijuana is "harmless." Neither are tobacco and alcohol. The real point is rather different, as conservatives would be the first to appreciate if pot weren't still, in some quarters, a cultural bogeyman. *Richard C. Cowan*

Articles & Columns

482 Gearing Up

Will he run in '84? Will he run in '84! He's running *now*. The 1980 Reagan coalition has broken up, and many see him as a friend of the rich, but his re-election bid has one big plus. *John McLaughlin*

484 Salvador/Vietnam

Liberals are making the same arguments against American intervention in El Salvador as Communists are—to the extent that the liberals aren't actually sillier. At least the Communists have a sense of what is strategically relevant, which doesn't include the question whether the rebels like designer jeans and rock music. *Brian Crozier*

498 Thanks, but No Thanks

NR's publisher explains why he prefers not to take his vacations in Communist countries. It has to do with more than the quality of the restaurants, though that, to be sure, enters into it—at more than one level. *William A. Rusher*

501 Stinging the NCC

The Church must not support repressive regimes, but should support movements bent on *becoming* repressive regimes. This is the tacit doctrine that emerges from the National Council of Churches' curious reply to its critics. *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

502 Sam Cohen tells the story of the neutron bomb, a discriminating weapon that met an indiscriminate response from people who, says **Kevin Lynch**, should have known better. . . . A biography of Arthur Koestler, reviewed by **Kenneth S. Lynn**, portrays a brave and brilliant man obsessed by death. . . . **Joseph Sobran** enjoys a doctor's warm lucubrations on *Gender*. . . . A *Son of the Revolution*—Chinese—stuns **D. Keith Mano**. . . . **John Simon** deals tenderly, mercifully, with Robert Duvall's latest. . . . How did you become a food writer? **Nika Hazelton** tells all. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** makes tracks to Lyon.

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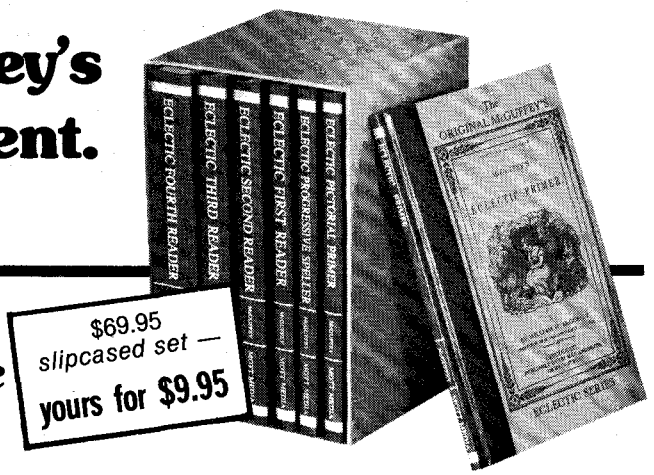

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Letters

Faith in Faith

I would like to agree with George Gilder ["Family, Faith & Economic Progress," April 15] that distant institutions of government or bureaucracy cannot really give. He correctly faults the Left for relying on simple and easy solutions to poverty: namely, redistribution. However, what solutions does Mr. Gilder offer? Sure, we must roll with the punches now to enter the winner's circle later. We must be creative and answer other people's needs. But how? How can we—the women in the families of which he writes so eloquently—survive the harm of giving? How long must we wait to be given unto? I'm afraid the problems have become too immediate and critical to have faith in otherworldly resolutions.

Florence Lithco
Hartford, Conn.

Who's Hurt?

In a recent editorial ["Can Indexing Be Saved?" March 4] you stated that the indexation of the income tax provided its greatest benefits to the middle class. This statement is factually incorrect and politically misleading.

The primary beneficiaries of indexation are the poor, as they are the ones whom inflation pushes most rapidly into ever-higher tax brackets without any increase in real earnings. Those who are already paying taxes at the highest rates are virtually untouched by bracket creep; and those in between are—well—in between.

The political point is that the politicians who are most distressed over the end of the "inflation bonus," which resulted in real tax increases at the expense of the poor, are the same politicians who castigate the Reagan Administration for its alleged bias against the poor.

James L. Buckley
Munich

A Little Caution

I am in complete agreement with Miss Ludmilla Thorne ["The Littlest Defector," March 18] that some way must be found to prevent the return of Walter Polovchak to the Soviet Union, since it is perfectly clear that he will in fact be subject to persecution if returned.

It is, however, most important that we do not, in saving this young man, inadvertently give aid and comfort to those who use the argument that a child is a "free soul" as a justification for encouraging junior-high-school children to experiment with drugs, exposing them to pornographic films, and providing them with contraceptive devices under circumstances which encourage them to believe that early sexual activity and promiscuity are virtues.

Your first reaction to this will undoubtedly be that common sense will prevail, but you have only to read the recent decisions of the lower and intermediate United States courts to realize that common sense is not a part of current judicial thinking on constitutional law.

Franklin N. Cunningham
Boston, Mass.

Gift of Guess

In Nika Hazelton's column "Having the Last Word" [March 18], Honorable Mention is given for an amusing conversation opener, "Without using your hands to demonstrate, explain how to tie a shoe."

Until a few years ago, the U.S. Coast Guard had a question that was frequently asked in the Seamanship section of examinations for Merchant Marine officers' licenses: "Describe how to reeve a three-fold purchase tackle to best advantage. No diagrams." A three-fold purchase is a block and tackle that is made of two blocks, each with three sheaves (pulleys). It is not particularly difficult to reeve a line through the blocks correctly, but trying to describe it in writing using a fountain pen and ink as required by the Coast Guard is frustrating and confusing.

Recently, the Coast Guard has made all its license-examination questions multiple guess instead of essay form. The quality and the tone of the questions haven't improved, but you now can be wrong by answering *a*, *b*, or *c* instead of writing two or three pages.

James C. Cook
APO Miami, Fla.

Common Sense

Re: Michael Scully's column "Sense as Psychotherapist" [March 18]: Some time ago, perhaps coincident with my beginning to master my craft as a clinical psychologist, I realized my time with patients is spent as follows: the final 10 per cent in teaching people common sense; the first 90 per cent in preparing them to accept it.

Joseph S. Busey
Menlo Park, Calif.

Please Pardon

On page 334 of the March 18 issue (right-hand column) I see the word *dessicated.* A few weeks ago I noticed the word twice on one page. *All* my dictionaries use *desiccated.* Why?

Some fifty years ago a cabinet minister

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"The West and developing countries are filled with citizens who by reason of their positions are able to promote Soviet influence and expansionist goals."—Andrei Sakharov, Nobel laureate.

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(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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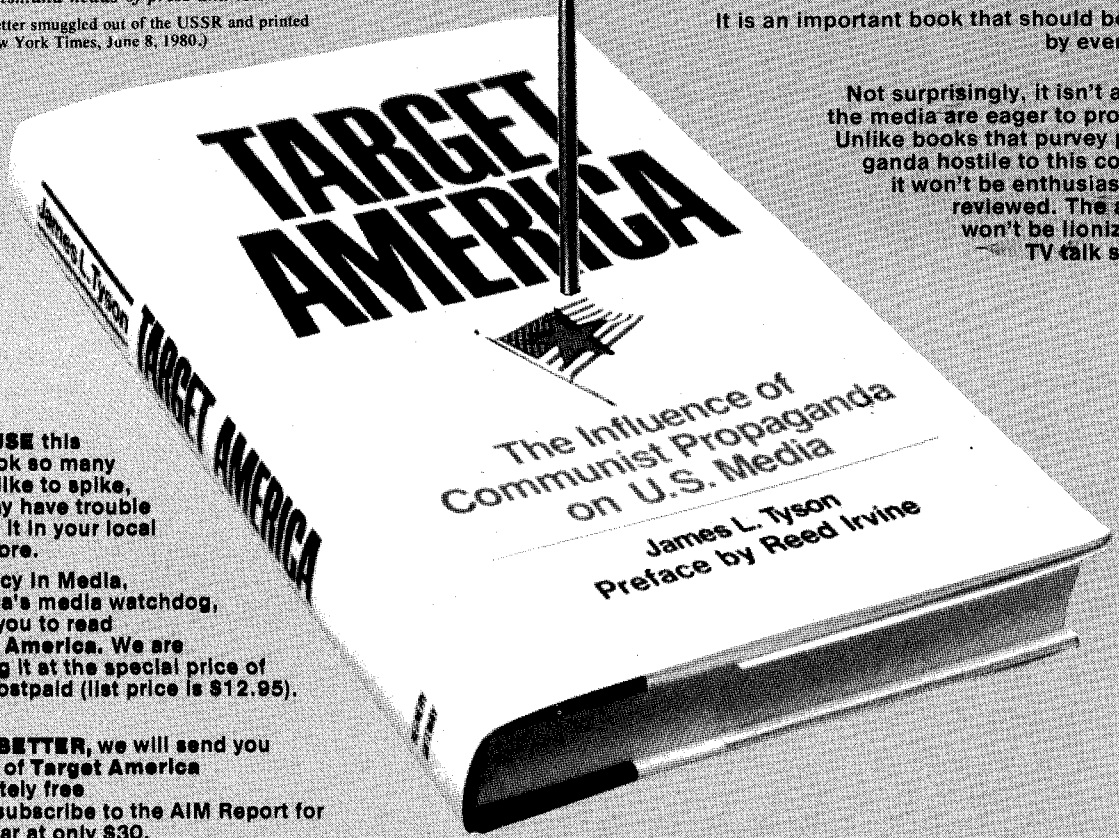

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- Who was behind the media war on the CIA?
- What journalist admitted that he and others had been "intermediaries for a lying and criminal propaganda—ingenuous spokesmen for tyranny in the name of liberty?"
- What powerful American newspaper launched its own campaign against the neutron bomb only a few weeks before the Soviets began their worldwide campaign against this weapon?
- How extensive is the far left lobby and who makes it up?

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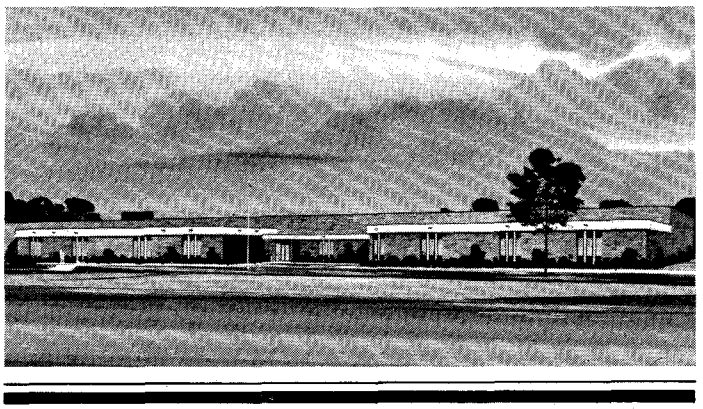

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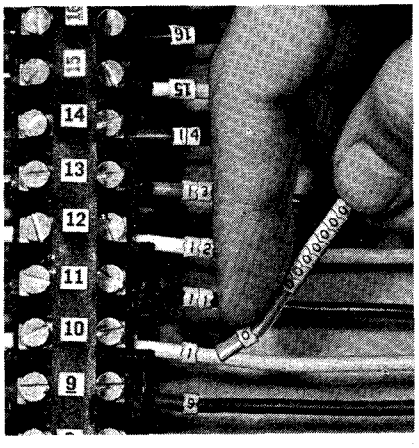

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in our federal government gave me a spelling test of 12 words. I misspelled two: *desiccated* and *ecstasy*, and maybe missed my chance to be his secretary.

The other words were (from memory): anoint, inoculate, innuendo, harass, embarrass, benefited (at that time only a single "t"), pronunciation, occasion, vilify, plaguing.

David Robertson
Montreal, Que.

We are not so much plagued and harassed as embarrassed. However, we are also ecstatic, for each of us has benefited from your inoculation of spelling correction. Could we anoint you as our secretary? —SBS

Who's Human?

Mildred Keiser ["Letters," March 18] says, "If the gay community leans toward the liberal viewpoint, it's because liberals are the only ones who have acknowledged them as human beings." On the contrary, conservatives are the ones who treat homosexuals as human beings.

Human beings may not be responsible for or able to control the conditions under which we live, but we can control and are responsible for our actions. Specifically, a homosexual may not be responsible for having an abnormal erotic interest in members of his own sex, but he can control himself and not engage in acts of perversion, just as an unmarried heterosexual can control himself and not engage in acts of fornication. It may not be easy, but it can be done.

Denying that homosexuals, or any other people, have this ability to control themselves is denying their status as human beings.

Martin W. Helgesen
Malverne, N.Y.

If Needed

Anthony Harrigan's probing analysis of the trade-off in U.S.-Japanese economic relations and defense arrangements ["Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy," March 4] referred to Paul Seabury's 1981 study, *America's Stake in the Pacific*. Readers may order this thoughtful and still-timely examination of U.S. interests in East Asia (with a perceptive foreword by former Senator S. I. Hayakawa) from the Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1666 Connecticut Avenue, Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Ernest W. Lefever
Washington, D.C.

Camus Revisited

Concerning Mary Schwarz's review, "Ariadne's Thread" [Feb. 4], I grew up in the Netherlands, worked in Amsterdam and later in the Maghreb. During the late Fifties I met Camus several times socially. I asked him once why the story of *La Chute*

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had been set in Amsterdam. His answer supports Patrick McCarthy, but very partially: "The Dutch climate is frightful. The sun shines about seven days a year. Nonetheless, these people and their lives are not too different from those in Algeria. I find that climate has less influence over people than I had thought. It's that, above all, that struck me as interesting." I had reached the same conclusion.

As regards crowds McCarthy is wrong. Both the Muslims and the *pieds noirs* (consisting not only of natives of French extraction, but of hosts of Calabrians, Neapolitans, Sicilians, Spaniards, Sephardic Jews, and Maltese, referred to in those turbulent days as the *nouveaux Français*) lived "en masse" on the sidewalks of the cities and towns. Neither were the drinking habits that different. The Dutch drink gin (Genever) and consume pickled herring on toast and salt cookies while they are at it. Genever found its counterpart in *bougha* (a very potent distillate of fermented fig juice), imbibed by Muslims and to a lesser degree by the *pieds noirs*, who mostly drank *pastis* and an almost infinite variety of vermouths and other doctored wines. Both Muslims and *pieds noirs* ate *poulpe* (pickled octopus) with their *apéro* and nibbled on little salty biscuits.

The deserts McCarthy refers to are three hundred to five hundred miles south of Algiers. All big towns and other major population concentrations are in northern Algeria, on the coast and in the immensely fertile valleys of the Atlas foothills. The Algerians think of their land as a country of coastal cities, and of hills and mountains with towns and farms in the valleys in between. Very few Algerians ever voluntarily go to the desert.

The Algerian and Dutch outlooks then were, and still are, predominantly urban, suburban, and semi-rural, in that order, as was Camus's, I venture to say.

Hans van Wouw Koeleman
Dauphin, Pa.

But Yes?

C. Dickerman Williams ["Restraining the Courts," Feb. 4] avers that the exclusionary rule, by which evidence of guilt is excluded in a criminal trial if the law officer seized the evidence illegally, "does not exist in any other country in the world." The April 1982 Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms provides that where "a court concludes that evidence was obtained in a manner that infringed or denied any rights or freedoms guaranteed by this Charter, the evidence shall be excluded if it is established that, having regard to all the circumstances, the admission of it in the proceedings would bring the administration of justice into disrepute."

George S. Swan
Wilmington, Del.

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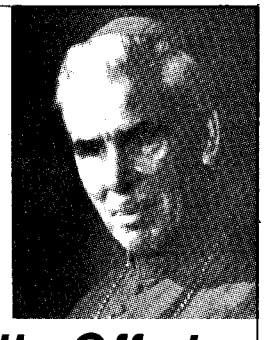

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HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

1 drink = 1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer

Weight	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
100												
120												
140												
160												
180												
200												
220												
240												

BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05% — **DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%** — **DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP**

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The Democrats' big problem continues to be—**Ronald Reagan**. . . . Even the crusty, Right-hating, curmudgeonly **Mary McGrory** admitted to a TV interviewer that the President "is not a whiner. There's no self-righteousness." . . . Agree with him or disagree with him, says former Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** (D., Conn.), Reagan's is "the first landmark Presidency since **Roosevelt** formulated a series of social, economic, and political solutions that continue to dominate the American scene. . . . He [Reagan] is the only President I know who has kept his campaign promises, who has tried to achieve what he said he would." . . . Democrat-turned-Republican **Phil Gramm**, now back on House Budget Committee, is cross with conservatives who carp at the President. "The conservative groups that have criticized the President are still protesting. The President is trying to govern." . . . Latest **Gallup** indicates Reagan is holding steady in the polls: his approval rating in late March: 41; it was 42 nine months ago. . . . Incidentally, another Gallup poll reveals, surprisingly, that Americans believe only the rich and business executives have been treated better by Reagan Administration than women and blacks.

■ Brouhaha over the Chicago election with its racial under- and over-tones all but obscured fact that a week earlier San Antonio, Tex. re-elected its first Hispanic mayor, **Henry Cisneros**, by an astounding 94 per cent margin. . . . In Colorado a week earlier, Republican **Dan Schaefer** scored a nearly 2 to 1 victory over Democrat **Steve Hogan** for **Jack Swigert**'s 6th CD House seat. Swigert, a former astronaut, died within weeks of his election. . . . How moderate is **John Glenn**? Not very, says National Taxpayers Union, which rates him the fifth biggest spender in the Senate, behind **Alan Cranston** to be sure, but a bigger spender than the otherwise more liberal **Gary Hart**. . . . Glenn is still No. 2 behind **Mondale** in latest Gallup, but the third most popular Democrat is a surprise, former Gov. **Jerry Brown** of Calif. . . . Nineteen months and two days before the next presidential election, Sen. **Dale Bumpers** (Ark.) took himself out of contention: no money, no visible national support.

Mahood, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"It's peace in our time."

■ Facts & Figures: A Manpower Inc. study shows 21 per cent of American businesses expect to increase their work force in next three months, the biggest jump in two years, says Manpower's **Mitchell Fromstein**. . . . A major contention of supply-siders is that the high burden of taxation drives people to the underground economy. Right on, says IRS Commissioner **Roscoe Egger Jr.**, who told *U.S. News* that Americans evade taxes on $300 billion of income a year, at a cost to the government of $87 billion in taxes, and the figure is growing, says Egger. . . . If the U.S. Immigration Service caught nearly 108,000 Mexicans trying to cross illegally into the U.S. in the single month of March, how many do you suppose made it across safely?

■ On the Right: First Annual **John M. Ashbrook** Memorial Dinner will be held May 9 at Ashland College, Ohio. (For info contact **Thomas A. VanMeter**, 209 South High, Suite 400, Columbus, Ohio 43215.) A John M. Ashbrook Center for Public Affairs will also be established, says president **Joseph Shultz**. . . . For applications for summer session of National Journalism Center, write the center, 401 C St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. Program lasts 12 weeks, pays $100 a week, comprises six weeks in-house researching and writing, six weeks on-the-job training. . . . Know what **Carol Burnett** did with $800,000 she won from *National Enquirer* in libel suit? She set up a Fund for Responsible Journalism. . . . Very useful for anti-freezers, **Stefan Possony**'s booklet *A Conservative Looks at the Surrender Lobby*, available from ACU, 38 Ivy St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ Former Mexican President **José López-Portillo** is putting up five super-luxurious homes on a hill outside Mexico City, which has been dubbed *Cerro del Perro* (Hill of the Dog) after López-Portillo's ringing statement that he would "fight like a dog" to prevent a devaluation of the peso, a fortnight before he devalued the peso.

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THE WEEK

■ Where's Stockman?

■ *Gandhi* beat out *E.T.* for best film (or was it best religion?) of the year, and Sir Richard Attenborough (best director, by the way) got up to make a speech about peace, nonviolence, the wisdom of Gandhi, the peril that looms over us all . . . Last we heard he was still talking. Is it safe to turn the set back on yet?

■ Tax season is a good time to think about civil liberties, and their lack. In Oregon a man named Freeman has a lot to think about. He is under a 14-count indictment for inciting tax evasion. Not evading them himself, or helping to prepare false returns, but just speaking out against taxes and calling the taxation of salaries and wages "illegal." A federal district court has ruled that his advocacy, which took the form of public speeches before audiences, was not protected by the First Amendment. The court cited a decision in an earlier case in which the defendants "explained how to avoid withholding." They too were found not to be entitled to First Amendment protection. That ruling would have caused the Founders to toss a lot of tea into a lot of harbors.

■ The Education Department under Terrel Bell has not exactly been a hotbed of deregulation, but it has boasted of at least one accomplishment: its rollback of the Carter Administration's bilingual-education rules. Now a study by LEARN, Inc., a new conservative education foundation, has found that on bilingualism Bell speaks with forked tongue. Far from releasing school districts from their earlier coerced "agreements" to provide algebra classes in Laotian or whatever, the Bell regime has subjected local requests for leniency to "strict scrutiny" and in fact has imposed twenty *new* bilingualism agreements on school districts. In only one of those twenty was English-only instruction found acceptable by the department. Aspects of some of the other new plans are even more intrusive than the old Carter remedies. Meanwhile Bell has rejected a plan advanced within the department to increase local control.

■ **moderate**, *n.* A Republican who, in the crunch, supports liberal programs, even if he didn't vote to install them in the first place. Thus Helen Dewar of the *Washington Post* reports that five Senate "moderates" will desert the President and vote to repeal both the third-year tax cut and the scheduled future indexing of taxes. If the Democrats hold solid, the five—Chafee, Mathias, Weicker, Stafford, and Hatfield—will tip the balance in the closely divided Senate. They also propose to spend more for "domestic" programs, less for defense. Moderation would then prevail. The Soviet Union loves moderation.

■ Our friend Phil Nicolaides proposes a reform to end all reforms: Hold elections on April 16. The measure is seen as having little chance of passing the current Congress.

■ After *60 Minutes* did its big exposé of the National Council of Churches' donations to Communist guerrillas, the cry went up: "Vicious new wave of McCarthyism," and so forth. Wonderful. Having urged the churches to support "liberation movements" for all these years, the Left now rushes to rebut the vile insinuation that they've actually done so.

■ No sooner had *Washington Post* columnist Haynes Johnson praised Soviet Americanologist Georgi Arbatov's "disturbing eloquence" than Georgi fired off a few more fleeted phrases: We have entered *a very dangerous period*, in which *any spark could lead to crisis*. The Reagan Administration is *destabilizing*. The real question is one of *enlightened self-interest* and not whether Americans or Russians are *good guys or bad guys*. The *danger of confrontation and conflict* has become *much more real* now. If this guy ever defects, he'll have no trouble getting a job as an editorial writer.

■ It wasn't on a par with the Rosenbergs or Klaus Fuchs, but François Mitterrand decided the level of spying had become too high and sent 47 Soviet agents home to the bad cooking. They had been snooping around the Exocet, the French neutron bomb, and other such items in the traditional Soviet manner. The move was a signal to Andropov, to the effect that there is a threshold in these things, and it rubbed Georges Marchais's nose in the fact that the French Communists are weak electorally, very junior in the

The Odd Couple

The 10 per cent withholding
  That's looming in July
On dividends and interest
  Has savers in full cry.
But somehow Ronald Reagan
  Got hooked by Robert Dole,
Who simply can't distinguish
  The doughnut from the hole.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A frisson of terror is running through the Republican senatorial ranks, with the question: Will they lose the Senate in 1984? A five-seat turnaround is all it would take to wipe out their 54 to 46 Senate majority.

The worry is that the economic recovery, even if it is stable and powerful enough to carry the President into a second term, might not preserve the Senate for the GOP. Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Roger Jepsen of Iowa are in grave trouble. Idaho Republican Jim McClure may be opposed by former Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus, although the word now is that Andrus will not make the challenge. In the Oregon Senate race, no one knows whether Mark Hatfield will seek another term. If he chooses not to, the race will probably be a toss-up. John Tower of Texas is a little edgy these days, expecting a rematch with Bob Krueger or one of two other potential formidables, Boll Weevil Kent Hance, an incumbent Democratic congressman, and former Governor Dolph Briscoe. In New Mexico, Pete Domenici could face Nick Franklin, Democratic state party chairman, or U.S. Representative Bill Richardson, or former Governor Bruce King. The black and Hispanic voters could do to Domenici what they did to Harrison Schmitt in 1982.

The unkindest cut of all is what the Republicans are doing to themselves in Tennessee. Howard Baker is not seeking re-election in '84, so his seat will be open. The probable Democratic contender will be a clean-cut 35-year-old four-term congressman with a magic name—Albert Gore Jr.—who is also a blossoming theoretician on nuclear deterrence (single-warhead missiles) whose thought Henry Kissinger allegedly mines. On the Republican side, no one who can be said to be a realistic opponent to Gore has come forward. U.S. Trade Representative and former Tennessee Senator Bill Brock will not run; nor will Winfield Dunn, former Republican governor. The recently re-elected incumbent Republican governor, Lamar Alexander, won't run either, even though private polls say he could lick Gore today by twenty points. White House-watchers say that the President will lean on Lamar to make the run, and that Lamar will accede. We hope. Why hand the seat to a full-blown lib on a silver platter? Especially one who broke with his own President (Jimmy C.) by fighting against oil deregulation in Congress, when that deregulation meant the crippling of OPEC and billions of dollars for taxpayers to spend in the United States (thus spurring the economic recovery) rather than being siphoned off to Saudi Arabia.

■ The United States Catholic bishops' backing down from the moral hauteur of their nuclear-war pastoral was brought about chiefly by their European counterparts—so the word goes here—who read the riot act to our lads, sobering them up with thoughts about what it feels like to have six-hundred-plus MIRVed Soviet warheads aimed at your throat. The European reaction echoed the (less effective) rejoinder of the South Vietnamese Council of Catholic Bishops in the early Seventies, when they publicly scorned their American brothers for their agonies of self-recrimination on the morality of the Vietnam War, and for condemning the United States' Vietnam policy as immoral. Other contributing reasons for the U.S. Bishops' backdown: the well-worded comments of William Clark, National Security Council Advisor, and, last but not least, the Pontiff himself, who reminded the bishops of his own earlier communication to the United Nations, namely that nuclear deterrence is moral if it points toward future disarmament.

—CATO

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coalition, and have to swallow anything. French personnel in Moscow are said to be hoping to be expelled in retaliation, and thus get back to civilization.

■ The Soviet disinformation campaign can be both sophisticated and subtle when it seeks to sway opinion in the West, but why bother at home? There a simple lie will suffice, viz., Radio Moscow's handling of Ronald Reagan's speech to the American Legion on American-Soviet relations. What the President said was: "Pursuing an honest and realistic policy we *in no way consider that* productive relations are impossible between our countries." Radio Moscow's version: "Concerning Soviet-American relations, which have become much worse through the fault of the U.S.A., Reagan declared that 'productive relations are impossible between our countries.' "

■ The noose tightens. More and more evidence surfaces to support the suspicion that the Soviets did indeed set Mehmet Ali Agca in motion to kill the Pope. In fact it now appears that the Soviets also planned to assassinate Lech Walesa during his 1981 visit to Rome—and for related reasons. An Italian spy for Bulgaria, Luigi Scricciolo, who actually served as Walesa's escort at the time, says the Soviets suspected John Paul II of sending church funds to Solidarity. One more motive. The Reagan Administration is carefully and properly avoiding direct comment on the case until all the available evidence has been collected, lest the charges appear to emanate from Washington. Meanwhile, even the *New York Times* no longer tries to deny, excuse, or otherwise minimize the Soviet role. The time approaches when the Administration will have to speak—and act.

■ Notes from the college journalism scene: This March, two staffers of the *Yale Free Press* took their spring break, not in Florida or at Sweet Briar College, but in Afghanistan. Charles Bork ('81) and Gregory D'Elia ('84) went to Peshawar, Pakistan, spent two days in a refugee camp, then slipped across the border for five days in Paktia province. They interviewed *mujahedin* ("they wanted anti-aircraft; if it weren't for the helicopters, the Soviets couldn't go anywhere"); collected butterfly bombs; spoke to fighters fresh from the front ("they were wearing belt buckles with hammers and sickles"). They returned in time

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for class. "In the past couple of years, the war hasn't been covered much. We hope at least to bring it to the attention of America's youth." Other college papers interested in picking up articles from the Afghanistan issue of the *Yale Free Press* can write 6574 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520.

■ After 19 years of effort by educationists to try to explain away 19 years of falling SAT scores, a couple of whizzes at Indiana University have finally discovered the *real* reason, namely, atmospheric testing of nuclear bombs. The thesis is apparently that fallout causes "cognitive damage" in newborn babies, that is, causes them to botch their SATs 17 or 18 years after exposure, and we'll bet that lets the educational bloatocracy off the hook, huh.

■ And isn't it *extraordinary* that so much nuclear fallout lands on public-school students, and so little on private-school students.

■ Christie's of London is auctioning off an "animal Victoria Cross" won by a carrier pigeon for meritorious service in July 1942. The vital message carried by the bird remains a war secret and will not be revealed until 1992. Most people are quite sure World War II is over, but you can never be too cautious about these things.

■ The government of Arizona has found an interesting way to get into the dope-dealing business, or at least get a piece of the action. It has legislation pending to license drug dealers, and make them pay a "luxury" tax of $10 to $125 per ounce of drugs. Of course, the drugs and the peddling are still illegal, so now a dealer who gets caught gets socked for marijuana taxes along with the other charges. The state figures it can raise almost $10 million from marijuana alone. If the lessons of Prohibition do not fail us, Arizona has just awarded the dope-dealers a whopping price increase and bigger profits.

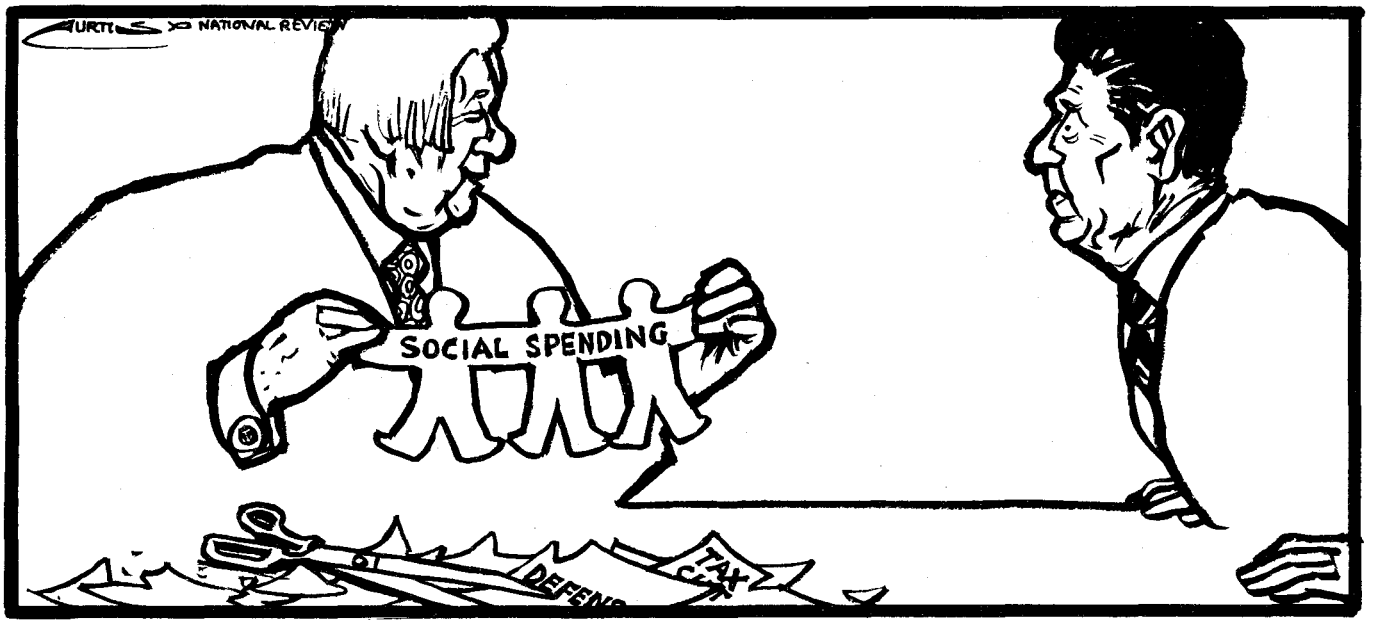
■ GRAND CONCESSIONS DEPT. Headline over a *Washington Post* editorial: "This Time the U.S. Is Right."

■ Chicago Mayor-elect Harold Washington is OUT OF jail this week.

1984

The fiscal year concerned is 1984—the year of Newspeak. The Reagan Administration's budget request calls for a 10 per cent increase in real terms for military expenses. A balky House of Representatives cut the figure to 3.5 per cent. The Senate Budget Committee, by a 17 to 4 vote, has opted for 5 per cent, opening the way for compromise in conference at 4 per cent, more or less. Now, in real terms again, it costs 4 per cent more year by year just to stay even in military competition. This datum helps put the issues in perspective. The Administration's request is truly modest and minimal. What the House opted for is slippage. The Senate Budget Committee's choice is not for inching ahead but only for staying put.

The congressional figures in either version do not wash. Consider: the 1984 replacement cost of existing military instrumentalities (not counting such infrastructure as army posts, airfields, or navy yards) is approximately $2.4 trillion. The Administration's figure for procurement would replenish this equipment over a 24-year average span. The House version, shrinking yearly procurement to about $80 billion,



"We had to work on your budget a bit."

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Mrs. Thatcher's Suggestion

As British peaceniks spread their bulk
And camera crews caught every sulk,
She thought a more effective sprawl
Would be around the Berlin Wall.

W. H. VON DREELE

would stretch that span to thirty years. The Budget Committee's version would be only marginally less bad. Useful life expectancies vary between one category and another of military equipment. The point is that the Administration's formulation goes as far as prudence would permit. The scrimping Congress is flirting with unacceptably dangerous rates of military obsolescence.

The issues are charged with such palpable considerations, but Congress has demonstrated scant disposition to focus on them. It is preoccupied with deficits of its own making. So far as military effects are concerned, the debate has been as abstract as an algebra lesson. In the prevailing mood, Congress discerns itself as trying to bridle unprecedented profligacy in defense. This is a myth. The current military bite out of gross national product is about 7 per cent. A series of military budgets that fully responded in the next few years to the needs for improving force readiness and sustainability of combat operations, recouping for the depreciation that has in material terms aged our forces by five years in the last 15, expanding conventional forces to offset measurable external threats, and restoring the industrial mobilization base would raise that portion to only 10 per cent of GNP—the level that obtained in the sequel to the Korean War.

MX

The Scowcroft Commission on Strategic Forces—charged by the President with finding a politically acceptable way of reducing the vulnerability of U.S. ICBMs—interpreted its mandate broadly, addressing itself not only to the basing problems of the MX but to alternative kinds of strategic weaponry. Since missiles in fixed silos cannot be made invulnerable, the commission, while recommending a limited MX deployment, embraced as a longer-term solution the deployment of smaller, mobile, single-warhead ICBMs. At a time when Soviet counterforce weapons have become increasingly powerful and accurate, mobility would seem to be the clearly indicated response.

If the government follows this recommendation, there will be important implications for future arms-control negotiations, allowing the substitution of warheads and throw-weight for launchers in calculating the strategic balance. If that principle were put into practice it might well improve the climate for arms control by allowing for clearer definitions of the weapons under discussion.

The commission's recommendation that one hundred MX missiles be deployed in Minuteman silos will be much debated, but a number of things can be said in its favor. Such deployment might well persuade the Soviets to move toward a more reasonable arms-control stance, perhaps including the calculation of strategic balance adumbrated above. The MX, moreover, is an available weapon, while the smaller mobile missile remains a decade or so in the future. Of course, the MX must be seen as one part of the strategic equation, and not a sufficient solution to the overall problem of a survivable deterrent.

Though a great deal of debate on the Scowcroft Commission's suggestions lies ahead, our interim reaction is favorable.

The Bishops and the Bomb, Round III

"The experience of preparing this pastoral letter has shown us the range of strongly held opinions in the Catholic community on the question of war and peace."
—Pastoral Letter on War and Peace (Third Draft)

Thanks to these "strongly held opinions," the third draft of the American bishops' pastoral letter is, in many ways, a substantial improvement over its predecessor. Instead of calling for a "halt" in the development, production, and deployment of new weapons systems, as the second draft did, the third calls for a "curb," a change that places the bishops, in this instance, in accord with the stated policy of the Reagan Administration.

While the third draft retains the opposition to first use of nuclear weapons, the opposition is now somewhat muted. The second draft declared: "Non-nuclear attacks by another state must be resisted by other than nuclear means." The third: "In our judgment the deliberate initiation of nuclear war would not be a justifiable moral risk, consequently a serious moral obligation exists to develop defensive strategies as rapidly as possible to preclude any justification for using nuclear weapons in response to non-nuclear attack."

The third draft also clarifies the distinction between pacifism as a personal option and a government's obligation to defend its citizens. The draft states that individuals may, for a variety of honorable reasons, choose to practice a life of nonviolence, but a government cannot: "A government threatened by armed, unjust aggression *must* defend its people. This includes defense by armed force if necessary as a last resort."

The third draft also takes into account something

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not noticed in the second, the character of the Soviet regime. "Americans," it says, "need have no illusions about the Soviet system of repression, and the lack of respect in that system for human rights, or about Soviet covert operations and pro-revolutionary activities." Of course, the always even-handed bishops have also detected a few flaws in the American system, which they duly note: "Our government has sometimes supported repressive governments in the name of preserving freedom, has carried out repugnant covert operations of its own, and remains imperfect in its domestic record of ensuring equal rights for all."

The weakest part of the letter is its final section: "Promotion of Peace: Proposals and Policies," wherein it endorses such breathtaking ideas as a movement of nonviolent resistance against repression, and a U.S. Academy of Peace. The bishops also believe the time has come for—are you ready?—world government.

To be sure, the bishops don't mean all their recommendations to carry the same weight. "We do not intend," they state early in the letter, "that our treatment of each of these issues carry the same moral authority as our statement of universal moral principles and formal Church teaching. Indeed, we stress here at the beginning that not every statement in this letter has the same moral authority." After wading through 150 pages and 25,000 words, it is our guess that readers of this pastoral letter will be talking less about moral authority than about ecclesiastical dilettantism.

Speaking recently of American pacifism, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger, the Archbishop of Paris, says it seems to be a reaction to guilt and world responsibility but—he goes on—"it is also the pacifism of people who know or believe nothing will happen to them anyway."

Chicago '82, America '84

Harold Washington's campaign and bare victory in the Chicago mayoral race against Bernard Epton—the first Cook County Republican to be recognized beyond his immediate family in eons—was played in the media as a test of both racial harmony and black pride. The first description invites skepticism. Numbers of normally Democratic whites certainly voted for Epton because they disrelished electing a black. But Washington injected race into the campaign himself, telling black audiences, "It's our turn," and running commercials comparing his travails to the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. He also used the racism issue as a defense against attacks on his record, which is seamy even by Chicago standards—two disbarments, ownership of slum housing, and a conviction for failing to file income-tax returns.

Reading the Washington campaign as a black political power play is more interesting and far more straightforward. The black vote regularly runs 90 per cent Democratic, and black politicians want to turn that loyalty into leverage. Democratic presidential candidates accordingly trooped to Chicago like cattle to the stockyards to have their pro-black credentials certified. Now there is talk of upping the ante—Basil Paterson, a member of the Democratic National Committee, and other blacks have proposed running a black favorite son in the primaries, for use as a bargaining chip at the convention.

It is hard to see what, beyond ego shots, the black politicos have to gain. The immediate effect of a black favorite son would, paradoxically, be to boost a less liberal candidate like Glenn by drawing strength from his more liberal white opponents. And if the black candidate managed to extort from the eventual victor an even more slavish devotion to the "official" black agenda than the Democratic Party now shows, how would this go over with the country at large? Non-blacks constitute 60 per cent of Chicago, but 90 per cent of America. Can a Democrat afford to be so blatant a prisoner of one more interest group?

Blacks who are not pols, finally, stand to gain nothing, indeed to be hurt, to the degree that the welfarist policies pushed by their leaders work to blight poor families' prospects. The recognition of this, and the shift in voting habits that would follow, awaits a sea-change in black opinion. Republicans can try to hasten it by hitting such issues as crime and educational quality, and talking economic sense.

The Democrats' Little List

The House Democrats went on record March 23 in favor of a $120-billion tax increase over three years: $30 billion the first year, $40 billion the second, and $50 billion the third. But they have been unwilling to fill in the blanks and let taxpayers know just how they intend to raise the money. At first their idea was to repeal indexing and the third year of the Reagan tax cut. But as David Keating of the National Taxpayers Union points out, this would hit lower-income taxpayers hardest. A family earning $10,000 this year would see its income taxes go up 63 per cent by 1988 on account of the Democratic program; a family earning $25,000 would pay (a still extortionate) 26 per cent extra, adding up to $2,705 in new taxes over the six years. That is one reason President Reagan has vowed to veto any repeal of indexing or the third-year tax cut.

So the Democrats are looking into other ways of inducing lithic exsanguination. In particular, the Democratic Study Group, whose membership includes a majority of House Democrats, has drawn up a little list of ways to raise that $120 billion. Taxpayers

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will surely be interested to know that the Democrats are contemplating the following steps:

Sumptuary taxes. Double wine, beer, and liquor taxes. Put another nickel in the gas-tax jukebox. Disallow half of all business meals and entertainment, which do not give much pain to the Treasury, but give an unacceptable amount of pleasure to the participants.

Shaving off fringes. The IRS could start taxing employee cafeterias, low-cost day care, discounts on employer products, and so forth as employee income. It would also specifically be instructed to tax employer-paid health insurance.

Dumping on deductions. No longer could you write off your state and local sales taxes—double taxation or no. The estate tax, currently being eased to exempt most middle-class families, would be clamped down again, so that you would owe money if you died with a $175,000 estate, which barely covers a medium-sized house in a place like Los Angeles. Live homeowners would get hit coming and going. Your mortgage-interest deduction would be "capped" at $10,000 a year, which would be most devastating for younger homebuyers paying high interest rates. When you tried to sell, the Democrats would hit you with a 10 per cent tax on your capital gains, even if you rolled over the money into buying a new house, or were over 55 (which are the current exceptions).

And so forth. Your outside income, as an independent contractor, would be hit with 10 per cent withholding. And you'd have to pay taxes on the accrued interest on your life-insurance policy, even if you didn't take any money out of it. Just to show they're all heart, the Democrats would cut way back on allowable charitable deductions for non-itemizers, most of whom are low-income themselves. And they would worsen the tax treatment of corporate research and development. And repeal the interest exclusion for small savers.

Are you thinking that it might suffice to pick one or two items from this menu to get the money the Democrats want? Then consider this: all of the above items *combined* add up to less new tax revenue than the Democrats say they intend to raise. In other words, they would have to pass *all* these tax hikes, and more besides, to raise that $120 billion. According to the Democrats' own figures, this whole list would raise $20 billion in the first year, only two-thirds of the scheduled amount.

White House strategists are convinced that the Democrats made a major political blunder by overplaying their hand on the tax question. If every Democrat running for re-election is confronted with the need to take a public stand on the Democratic Study Group's taxpayer hit list, one of two things may happen: the collapse of the Democratic budget program, or the removal of dozens of Democrats from office by angry taxpayers at the next election.

Jaudon Rothco

"Ah yes—the Havana tour group. We've been expecting you."

Watt's Shots Rock Rock

The West Coast has the sunshine and the girls all get so tanned. / I dig a French bikini on Hawaiian Island's dolls, by a palm tree in the sand. / I've been all around this great big world, and I seen all kind of girl. / Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back in the States, back to the cutest girls in the world. The Beatles ventured witty portraits of despair. The Rolling Stones huffed and puffed and boasted how evil they were. Jim Morrison fancied himself some sort of plutonic daimon. Not so the Beach Boys, whose tunes, year in, year out, for two decades, have celebrated, as in the second stanza of "California Girls," T-birds, surfing, sun, sand, and the young lovelies thereon, all of them (it went without saying) blondes. Not a high form of patriotism, but there is in the coltishness something very American.

So when Interior Secretary James Watt banned them from the Fourth of July concert on the Mall in favor of "patriotic, family-based entertainment" —an order since revoked—he made himself a little absurd. Watt's original motive, though, was serious. The crowds who came to the Mall to hear the Beach Boys and other groups in recent years had for the most part a good time. But there was also, said Watt, "high drug use, high alcoholism, broken bottles, some injured people, some fights." The *Washington Post* found a rock fan who agreed. "It was really gross. There were people beating each other up. There was broken glass all over." One year the Park Service made 52 arrests, for disorderly conduct on up to assault.

Since the orgies of the late Sixties, rock concerts have in fact enjoyed a double standard according to which, if people don't rut communally or OD on heroin, the evening is deemed a high social success. The point isn't that Rock is Bad, but that crowds behave worse than they used to, say, 15 years ago; and

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younger crowds behave worst. The custodian of the Mall was not remiss in noticing that fact, however unrelated to the Beach Boys.

The IPS at Play

The Institute for Policy Studies, regularly described in the *New York Times* as "a Washington-based research organization," has just celebrated—can it be?—its twentieth anniversary. Eight hundred assorted leftists and liberals laid out $35 each for an indoor barbecue at the Old Pension Building. Chicken, ribs, wine. Few neckties. Bluegrass music.

The disarming Paul Warnke served as master of ceremonies. IPS founders Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin tried their hands as comedians. Barnet proved a dud as an impressionist; Raskin did much better with one-liners, quipping for instance that natty Congressman Ronald Dellums would hold a seminar on how to dress down for a depressed economy. McGovern, Nader, Belafonte spoke. Andy Young didn't show. (Neither did Bianca Jagger, thereby denying the occasion a jet-set touch.) Cuban and Nicaraguan diplomats were introduced, to wild applause. There were better-Red-than-dead jokes, but in this crowd it was no contest. The tacit theme seemed to be better Red than *anything*.

At the end of the evening Warnke struck an odd note. He went into a diatribe of indignant ridicule against the idea that fine young men of independent minds like Barnet and Raskin could ever be controlled by the KGB. He mentioned Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss with real anger in his voice. It was a bit as if a slightly sloshed emcee had taken the occasion of a banquet in honor of a grande dame to refute old whispers against her chastity. *Really*, Paul!

Trade Secrets

Tom Brokaw behaves himself on the air, as co-anchorman of *NBC Nightly News*. It must therefore have been a relief to him to unburden himself of a few opinions to an interviewer from the left-wing magazine *Mother Jones*. The usual stuff: Ronald Reagan is "simplistic," capital punishment is "barbarous," supply-side economics is "a disaster" (he knew it all along). El Salvador is ruled by "a right-wing oligarchy that takes most of the money out of the country," while "the peasants are poor and exploited." As for abortion, "it comes down to the question of whether a woman has the right to control her own body." (Wish we had thought of that.)

"For a man who calls Ronald Reagan simplistic," Joseph Sobran commented in his syndicated column, "Tom Brokaw is not exactly forging into virgin intellectual territory." Waxing serious, he noted that Brokaw seems unable to decide whether he should just relay facts to the public or single out those facts that point up Messages for Our Time: "Don't shoot the messenger, we are forever told. But the *Mother Jones* interview with Tom Brokaw is one more reminder that these messengers have a wide discretion: they decide which messages they are going to deliver."

A few days later, another columnist piped up: the outspoken leftist Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post*. Rather surprisingly (at first glance), he complained that Brokaw had been *too* outspoken, "running off at the mouth." What's this? "Brokaw's outburst is a scattershot venting that can't help eating into the public trust of the media. . . . He should have summoned the discipline to say, 'No comment.'" What *could* McCarthy mean? Surely he agreed with nearly everything Brokaw said.

Ah . . . Brokaw should have been "above the *overt* taking of sides" (our emphasis). He was "indiscreet." Reporters can fight the good fight, but not too obviously. They should keep the message implicit, so as to retain "public trust" without arousing "suspicion." Gotcha, Colman.

Elgin Groseclose, R I P

He had a rich and astonishingly varied career. In his youth he went to Persia (now Iran) to teach in a mission school and became secretary of the Persia Relief Commission. During World War II he served as Treasurer General of Iran, supervising the National Bank, the note issue, the imperial mint, and monetary policy. He taught money and banking at the College of the City of New York. He served the Federal Government in various professional and consultant capacities. He was the first financial editor of *Fortune*. He was a novelist and an economist. He wrote more than a dozen books, including *Money and Man*—probably the best short history of money in existence.

In 1960, he founded the Institute for Monetary Research in Washington, became its executive director, and wrote a monthly release for it called "Viewpoints." He died of a heart attack on April 4, at the age of 83. His last published comment on the monetary situation was in the form of a report, dated September 7, 1982, to the trustees of the Institute. He seemed to know it would be his farewell message:

> The year 1981 marked the end of a disastrous fifty-year spree of uncontrolled printing-press money, government deficits, and round-the-world handouts. Public policy, like an ocean liner, is slowly being turned in its course away from a socialized, state-directed economy to a free-market economy. The revolution is not complete, and currently the country is suffering the effects of a hangover that has inflamed public pressure for a chaser of the same elixir.
>
> The nostrums of easy credit and general bailouts by

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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the Federal Reserve are a distinct possibility. Given the enormous debt of Third World countries reported at $800 billion and the transfer problems of countries like Mexico, Brazil, and others, the Administration may be pushed to re-open the floodgates. This is more than a possibility, particularly because of the failure of Reaganomics to include monetary reform in its agenda, and the peculiar reverence toward the Federal Reserve and the managed-money system regularly shown by the Administration and the Republican Party.

Elgin Groseclose did not live to see whether the Administration will come to grips with the problem. But no one tried harder than he to catch the attention of his fellow citizens during a long and productive career. —HENRY HAZLITT

Gloria Swanson, R I P

The long *New York Times* obituary on Gloria Swanson doesn't mention her very short career as a columnist for Scripps-Howard.

A venturesome young man at Scripps-Howard, back in the Fifties, sold his bosses on the idea of a Gloria Swanson column, and they in turn sold it to the star. From the beginning, it was a bust. Scripps-Howard wanted a gossip column; what they got was Gloria Swanson's Philosophy of Life.

Miss Swanson was living in Paris, and I was working in Paris for UP, which was owned by Scripps-Howard. It fell to me to handle Gloria. I told her, timidly, a few basic truths about gossip columns, stressing that they needed to be sprinkled with famous names. We met at the *très chic* La Crémaillière on the Faubourg-St.-Honoré. The star would sweep in, twenty minutes late, coiffed in lacquer, manifestly not wearing her own line of Forever Young budget clothes. Her features in middle age were as cleanly sculpted as in her Mack Sennett comedy days; a tiny woman whose presence caught every eye.

I was received coolly. What—Miss Swanson wanted to know, in her best *Sunset Boulevard* manner—*ever* led Scripps-Howard to believe that *she*, Gloria Swanson, would consent to write anything so *vulgar* as a *gossip* column? I tried to explain, in short verbal sorties that were met, parried, and overwhelmed in a torrent of indignant words.

We met several times, with no effect on the quality or salability of her column. Then one morning she was, unexpectedly, pleasant. "You," she said magnanimously, "are not at fault. It's those *dreadful* men in New York." Mercifully, she moved on to Rome, and the moribund column became the problem of the Rome bureau.

I missed those acid, early-morning calls. She had become talkative. She explained her many marriages and love affairs, the opulent mode of life in the early Hollywood days. "Yes, we lived like kings and queens and why not? We were making more money than we ever dreamed existed. We were in love with life." That kind of thing.

Beneath the glitter was a cool, shrewd mind. It had told her to get out of movies before she became a laughingstock. She took up the challenge many years later to play herself in the sensational *Sunset Boulevard*. She turned to business and made a success of it. She became a bloody bore on her health-food kick. She lived and died a tough cookie. She was impossible to be with, but no one who experienced her ever forgot it. —PLB

The Coming Hearing-Aid Scarcity

Mr. Watt, please don't mess with their music.
  Although carloads of kids are in hock
Buying dope to respond to the rhythms,
  It's their answer to Handel and Bach.
Let them sniff as we savor Lombardo
  And remember how ballrooms would swing;
As the decibel level keeps rising,
  In a decade they won't hear a thing.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Bill Woods's *antimillihelen* is not a practical unit of ugliness because, aside from Stalinist playwrights, women are rarely ugly enough to sink a battleship. How about the *medusa*, the quantity required to turn one man to stone?

Faithfully,
Richard de Mille
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Time and space for another oxymoron? The *Times Literary Supplement* for 21 January 1983, p. 60, describes Professor J. H. Hexter as the "Distinguished Historian in Residence *in absentia*."

Sincerely,
Bernard Pothier
National Museums of Canada
Ottawa

Dear Mr. Buckley:

My entry for the oxymoron contest is the Senate

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Intelligence Committee. I'd like to suggest an entry for the tautology contest, if you plan one: the House Oversight Committee.

Sincerely,
Paul Tholfsen
Bellingham, Wash.

■

December 8, 1982

Mr. A. Bartlett Giamatti
President
Yale University

Dear Bart:

A Mr. Harrington of New York has forwarded me a letter from you one paragraph of which reads, "I enclose the University's statement on the [Polish] issue. [President Giamatti had forbidden the Yale Glee Club to sing the Solidarity theme song for a program planned by the Voice of America to commemorate the anniversary of martial law in Poland.] I do not expect you to agree with it. I do expect you to recognize that Mr. Buckley did not have the integrity to quote it entirely." The lines I did not quote in my column read: "Obviously as individuals members of this community have the deepest sympathy for the cause of Polish freedom. That, however, is not the issue here."

The reason I did not quote the two lines is given in those two lines. You say it is obvious that members of the Yale community are sympathetic with the cause of Polish freedom. If it is obvious, why do you go to the trouble of saying it? You are not a professional editor. I am. I do not quote that which is obvious. Indeed you went on to say that that which was obvious was not the issue. If it was not the issue, then why should I ask my readers to deliberate over that which is not the issue?

Certain things are, however, obvious to me, but clearly not so to you. Among them that one does not go about impugning the integrity of one's friends, even when critical of their judgment. At least, I don't do that. And that *is* the issue of this letter.

Yours faithfully,
Bill

Dear Bill:

I have just received your letter dated December 8, and I find it puzzling. You have not hesitated to impugn, in your magazine and in your syndicated column, my patriotism, my devotion to freedom of speech and to the cause of human liberty. I have never construed these attacks as merely referring to my judgments, and neither have many of your readers. Yet you now believe yourself aggrieved because I indicated in a private letter what is in fact the case: that you (or your office), having solicited from me a statement on an issue, then saw fit not to cite in its entirety what you had asked for. I believe your act of editing lacked integrity because you truncated a statement, which sought to draw distinctions, in order better to pillory me. I fully recognize your rights as a "professional editor" and as a citizen, but I am not obliged to find the fashion in which you exercise those rights either entertaining or honorable.

I apologize for writing about this issue in a letter responding to a third party. I should have written directly to you to say what I think of your distortion of my statement in this matter, and to say that I see that distortion as of a piece with your public assaults on my character. If I did not write to you before, it was because I have no illusions that anything I might say could have any impact, in the direction of fairness, on your views or on your professional practices.

Sincerely,
Bart

Dear Bart:

Forgive the delay in answering your letter—the month of January was simply impossible. It is a most perplexing document, bordering as it does on hysteria. You say that "many" of my "readers" understood me to have impugned your patriotism. My comment is: I doubt that you have spoken the truth. On the other hand, since you are capable of misconstruing what I wrote into an attack on your patriotism, I suppose there is no reason why you cannot do as much for my readers. Leaving me to make only the formal point, that I am responsible for what I say, not for what I am misunderstood to have said. Your behavior in this incident is in interesting contrast to Henry Kissinger's, whom I severely upbraided a few years ago for his mistaken judgment in recommending to President Ford that he not receive Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Our friendship was undisturbed. Indeed, in due course he agreed that he had made an error in judgment, as perhaps in due course you will agree that you were in error, both as regards the Yale Glee Club and those who criticized your decision.

Yours faithfully,
Bill

■ Dear Bill:

I am starting a new organization—"Quit Calling Goats Billy"—and I want either you, Bill Rusher, Bill von Dreele, Bill Rickenbacker, or Bill What's-his-name to be the chaplain.

Will you accept the portfolio?

Sincerely,
Svend [Petersen]
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

Dear Svend: I must pass, but the idea is terrific. How about the Reverend Billy What's-his-name as chaplain?
Cordially,
Bill
—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Gearing Up

In December and January, the White House was Bleak House. The President, a congenital optimist, returned from his Christmas vacation at Palm Springs edgy and unhappy. The economy was still trundling along the bottom; stories were rife that Mr. Reagan would not seek re-election.

Now all this has changed. Dutch is back in the saddle, sitting tall. The economic resurgence has made him resurgent. He is upbeat, filled with the joys of governance, in command of the issues, confident in his dealings with foreign visitors, relishing the defense and national security debate. Physically and mentally, he is stronger than when he entered the White House.

Of late, foreign policy has superseded domestic policy as the focus of the President's attention, and this also has served to buoy his outlook. Mr. Reagan spends some 40 per cent of his time nowadays on international matters. William Clark, National Security Advisor, is the dominant figure in this sector, which means that much of that 40 per cent of the President's time is spent with Clark. A confident man with no ego hangups, Clark does not pretend to have all the answers on foreign policy, but he goes out and locates people of experience and wisdom, and brings them to the President. In a White House where only five or six people have regular contact with the President, Clark provides more presidential access than anyone else.

When Clark became NSC advisor, succeeding Dick Allen, he wisely demanded and got a guarantee of personal access to the President. With this access he has cut foreign policy out of the internal White House debate process—most recently and dramatically, in his successful sequestering of the "Star Wars" segment of Reagan's TV address from White House golden-circle review until just a few hours before delivery when it was too late to change it. Another benefit of discussing foreign policy directly with Clark, Weinberger, and Shultz is that these gentlemen neither backbite nor frontbite, thus sparing the President a level of contention that he finds oppressive.

So, the question of whether Mr. Reagan will seek a second term is really superfluous. He is running now. "The best way to run for President," Stuart Spencer reminded him recently, "is to be President." Mr. Reagan now sets his own agenda, co-opting issues with shrewdness and self-assurance, whether arms control, the "peace" war, or the Democratic budget. And Nancy Reagan, no longer irked by the critical press of a year ago (that turnaround gets the PR award of the century), has the wind in her sails too.

The President's campaign will be managed by a small, closely coordinated group, the principal member of which is Stuart Spencer, the savvy political operative who ran Reagan's gubernatorial campaigns in '66 and '70, and then had a long string of wins in California congressional and state-government races. Spencer also enjoys the confidence of Jim Baker, Mike Deaver, Ed Meese, Paul Laxalt, and the President's able in-house political advisor, Ed Rollins. The only question about Mr. Spencer is when he will come on board full time. As a consultant he has a number of clients, including the Republic of South Africa (a political liability, but a surmountable one if he quits the RSA payroll, as has already been arranged). The expectation is that he will work on the Reagan re-election from the sidelines until the end of the year, then join the campaign full time.

In the re-election personnel mix, Senator Laxalt will probably serve as overall chairman of both the Republican National Committee and the President's re-election committee, although the latter will have a separate and technically independent status. Frank Fahrenkopf, head of the RNC, Laxalt's man and a fellow Nevadan, will handle the GOP congressional and senatorial campaigns around the country.

At the White House, Jim Baker will continue as chief of staff and set overall campaign policy, working closely with Spencer, who will be number-one strategy architect of the campaign. Rollins will feed his information and insights into the Baker/Spencer/Laxalt combine. Clark and Meese will mind the store.

Notwithstanding the airy euphoria of some Reaganites, the re-election campaign will be no easy task, even if the economy is booming. The electorate is polarized: people like and dislike Ronald Reagan, they approve and disapprove what he stands for, and feelings on both sides are firm and deep. Reagan has always had a stronger base than most Republicans, between 39 and 41 per cent, a base that has lasted for six years and will probably perdure as long as he does. The problem is that the feeling against Reagan is correspondingly strong.

The President's minuses stem from the perception that he favors the rich, that he is unfair to those who have less abundance than his friends, and that he is a cold-warrior whose primal instincts may someday plunge the nation into war. Mr. Reagan's current aggressively high profile on national security issues (notably his characterization of Russia as "an evil empire") has caused a negative blip in the polls.

The breakup of the Reagan coalition is what troubles the President's strategists more. Many of the over-fifty Democrats who voted for Ronald Reagan in their first Republican vote ever got burned badly by the economy during the last two and a half years, and have gone back to the Democratic camp. Hispanics have drifted from Reagan, too, although Cubans in Florida remain strong. Catholics (27 per cent of the voting public) have eroded as a bloc, with many of their liberal bishops dumping on Mr. Reagan's nuclear policies. And blue-collars, ethnics, and Jewish switch-over voters have been neglected or lost, too.

Of course, Reagan has one big asset not reckoned with here: his Democratic opponents. Put them in the election equation and the President starts looking good. All of which suggests that 1984 will be a difficult race, but a winnable one, providing that no one makes any big mistakes. □

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AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE CHRONICLES OF CULTURE CONFRONT—A LA ORWELL—THE SMELLY LITTLE ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME."—TOM WOLFE

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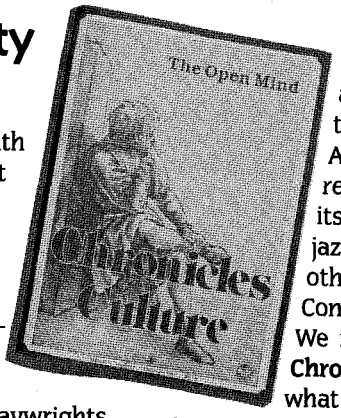

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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Salvador/Vietnam — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I AM WORRIED about El Salvador. So are many Americans. Readers of *NR* are probably worried for reasons that harmonize with my own, but many Americans are worried for totally different reasons. Wrong ones.

It was bound to come, of course, the intensified campaign against any deepening U.S. involvement in El Salvador; and the alleged analogy between El Salvador and Vietnam naturally dominates the debate.

First, let us clarify the reasons for concern. In my case (and I presume in the case of *NR* readers in general), the concern is essentially a strategic one. We are afraid that the war in El Salvador may go wrong, and that the wrong side may come out on top. If this happened, it would be a major reverse for America and the West—far worse in its implications than was the defeat in Vietnam. More than twenty years ago, Fidel Castro's victory in Cuba was hailed by American liberals (not least by Castro's champion, Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times*) as if it were their own. The absorption of the island under its new regime into the Soviet empire was of course not envisioned, nor the use of Cuban surrogates to stir up international trouble against American and Western interests.

Resisting Tyranny

What worries the liberals, meanwhile, is not the ultimate possibility of another Cuba in the Caribbean region, but the thought that the United States will find itself drawn into the war, with direct military participation, in defense of a regime that does not meet the East Coast's criteria for the observance of human rights. The possibility that the existing polity in El Salvador might have to yield to yet another totalist tyranny, with zero observance of human rights, is left entirely out of the reckoning. Similarly, President Nixon was vilified for bombing Communist concentrations in Cambodia, and when the American withdrawal opened the door to the genocidal Pol Pot regime, some of the critics had the effrontery to blame the bloodbath upon Nixon and Kissinger instead of upon the withdrawal of American protection of the Cambodians.

Typical of the liberal approach was the recent article by William Tuohy of the *Los Angeles Times*. Mr. Tuohy is oh so reasonable; he actually lists *differences* between El Salvador and Vietnam. For instance, the Vietcong were backed by the powerful North Vietnamese army, whereas the Salvadoran guerrillas are proportionately less numerous and are fragmented. Moreover (interesting point, this), the Vietcong wore black pajamas, whereas the Salvadoran guerrillas wear blue jeans and listen to American rock "music." More in this vein.

Then note the insidious peroration: the U.S. Congress, as a condition for certifying foreign aid, had insisted that the Salvadoran government carry out a land-reform program and improve its human-rights record. "But some Salvadoran liberals fear that because of the strong commitment to the government expressed by the Reagan Administration, the Right will think it can ignore the land-reform program, as well as the promise to end the killing."

Well, the Right in El Salvador and elsewhere can be tiresome at times, but what would the Left do if it took over? Collectivize the peasantry? Initiate mass executions? Herd people into concentration camps? But then, these are not the kind of questions liberals like to ask.

More to the point, perhaps, is that in Paris the other day, the *Cuban* Minister of Culture, Armando Hart, declared that the U.S. seemed determined to intervene more and more blatantly in Central America, "in particular in El Salvador and Nicaragua"—an attitude that he characterized as "dangerous, for it threatens to lead to a Vietnam-type situation."

When Western liberals use the same arguments as Communist spokesmen, I experience exactly the same sentiments I felt as a young man in the Thirties when I heard "right-wing" members of the British Establishment echoing the arguments of Messrs. Hitler and Goebbels.

It was refreshing, somewhat earlier, to find the robust voice of Jeane Kirkpatrick roasting the liberals alive in her speech of February 19 in Washington, with her devastating account of the militarization of Nicaragua since the overthrow of Somoza, and of the increasing oppressiveness of the Sandinista regime.

On this issue as on some others, alas, two contradictory notes are sounded in Washington these days. One is that of the President, who understands the issue and wants to help the Salvadoran government defeat the Communist bands who seek to impose their will on the people by force of arms and with the help of the Soviet bloc. Mrs. Kirkpatrick expresses the President's views with her own brand of eloquence.

'Two-Track' Policy

Then there are the others, to be found mainly, though not entirely, within the State Department. I have alluded from time to time to the key professional deformation of diplomats everywhere (in the West, I mean) who see negotiations and arguments as ends in themselves and an absolute Good. Thus we find the able Mr. Thomas Enders, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, calling for a "two-track" policy in El Salvador: continuing to support the government while calling for negotiations with the rebels.

Has Mr. Enders forgotten or failed to note the lessons of all negotiations with Communists or other fanatics: the lessons of Korea, ex-French Indochina, Algeria, Laos, Vietnam, Rhodesia-Zimbabwe, etc.? For Communists in particular, negotiations are merely the continuation of war by other means. If one has failed to defeat the enemy on the battlefield, never mind: let's have a conference and we shall get what we want anyway.

If the Reagan Administration is serious about helping to defeat the Communists in El Salvador, then there is less than no point in calling for talks with the rebels. The effect of such talks would simply be to discourage the government, by putting the rebels on the same level as an administration that won an overwhelming electoral victory in the face of rebel terrorism; to appease American liberals; and to please Sr. Armando Hart of Cuba. (And behind him, Fidel Castro and Yuri Andropov.) It would be the beginning of the end. Scarcely the way to win a war. □

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POT-TALK

Is Decriminalization Advisable?

Richard Vigilante says

NO

DECEMBER 1972 was a milestone in the campaign to relax American marijuana laws. Up to that time the political side of the conservative movement had been arrayed in more or less solid opposition to any easing of the laws. But in its issue of December 8, 1972, NATIONAL REVIEW ran an article by conservative youth leader Richard Cowan that argued forcefully for legalization. The editor-in-chief endorsed Cowan's position, at least up to the limit of decriminalizing possession for personal use, and the two senior editors, with some reservations, agreed.

Numbers of conservative intellectuals had long argued that an individual's use of marijuana or other drugs should not be regulated by the state. But from about 1972 on conservative thinkers and political leaders began to adopt the mainstream political position—that legalization was an empirical question, not a philosophical one. The question had to do with the effects of the drug, and not, as in the case of heroin, with the rights of man.

Mr. Cowan argued, as I think he was correct to do, from an empirical standpoint. He advanced nine propositions that he asserted had been "established by responsible scientific inquiry," which, if accepted, would convince any reasonable person that marijuana ought to be at least decriminalized. The import of these propositions was that marijuana used in moderation is harmless, and that its use was so widespread that the state could only do harm by trying to restrict it.

Cowan's article had a tremendous impact. Representatives of the National Association for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) still speak lovingly of NATIONAL REVIEW. Because of this, and because much more evidence about the effects of marijuana is available now than was available in 1972, I think it is worthwhile to review Cowan's article against the current evidence.

The first thing to be said about any attempt to judge whether marijuana is dangerous enough to be legally restricted is that the available evidence can either confuse the issue or illuminate it depending on our own attitudes.

A great number of scientific studies have been done on marijuana since 1972. But for the most part these provide tantalizing but uncoordinated fragments of evidence. Much of the work has been done by independent researchers, many of whom have a crusading attitude toward the drug. Crusaders for different sides distrust each other and almost invariably attack the procedures used by researchers on the other side.

As a result the argument over marijuana, like a number of other current political arguments that revolve around the subtle interaction of psychology and hard science, has degenerated into random volleys of hard scientific fact, with each side having quite enough facts to prove its case except that the opposing side has as many and can prove the opposite. It is like current arguments in economics, in which everyone is armed with scores of statistics that no one believes, but still almost no public commentator is willing to shift the ground of the argument away from the facts and toward more subjective discussions of human nature, where the resolution really lies. Intelligent discussion of the marijuana laws has fallen victim to our fear of the subjective.

To avoid getting caught up in the nearly inevitable arguments over the quality of evidence, almost every assertion of fact in this article is drawn from U.S. Government sources, specifically the National Institute on Drug Abuse. References are given in the exceptional case. I do this not because the government is an inherently trustworthy source, but because NIDA has a history of being very even-handed in its approach to marijuana. In the Sixties and early Seventies, when there was little evidence to back up the fears of marijuana foes, NIDA said as much. In fact, Robert Dupont, NIDA director in the mid-Seventies, supported decriminalization and was widely quoted as saying that marijuana was no more dangerous than alcohol.

More recently, as the evidence has multiplied, NIDA re-

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ports have become much more cautionary, though NIDA still refuses to endorse the more extravagant claims of marijuana foes. Those extravagant claims aside, the current evidence indicates that marijuana is more dangerous than Cowan's article indicated. Dupont, by the way, while no longer at NIDA, now opposes decriminalization and predicts that the results of widespread marijuana use will prove to be "horrendous."

Below, a review of Cowan's nine propositions:

1. *Marijuana is non-addictive—I use the word technically.*

It has always been a favorite claim of marijuana supporters that it is not "really" addictive because it doesn't cause withdrawal symptoms. Marijuana is supposedly "only" psychologically addictive. The distinction, with its suggestion that an addiction rooted in the psyche is not serious, has always been foolish. The mistake arises, I think, out of a desire to restrict the argument to "hard" evidence. Psychological addiction seems subjective and "soft."

In any event there is now very strong evidence that marijuana is "technically," to concede Mr. Cowan's usage, addictive, though in fairly subtle ways. NIDA says that "tolerance to cannabis—i.e., diminished response to a given repeated drug dose—is now well established." The old street myth of reverse tolerance—that the effects of the drug grow stronger with repeated use—has been conclusively disproved.

Where you find tolerance, dependence is usually not far behind. NIDA notes that under experimental conditions involving higher doses of marijuana than typically used in the United States, withdrawal symptoms including irritability, restlessness, decreased appetite, sleep disturbance, sweating, tremors, nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea have been observed. Some of the same symptoms were observed in another study in which patients chose their own doses of the drug.

None of this suggests that marijuana can cause the hideous withdrawal symptoms associated with heroin and other dramatically addictive drugs. What it does suggest is that very subtle withdrawal symptoms, perhaps too subtle for the user to associate consciously with the drug, may reinforce a psychological habituation. All habituation is prompted by reward and punishment, pain and pleasure. Marijuana directly stimulates the pleasure centers of the brain. (Alcohol does not.) This would be one of the main causes of any psychological addiction. The subtly unpleasant effects of abstaining after continual heavy use may add to the group of pleasure-pain alternatives that promote habituation to marijuana.

But the real point is that it is the habitual use of a mind-altering drug that is disastrous, rather than any particular basis for the habituation. And the process of becoming an habitual user is far more complex than the marijuana boosters, with their talk of technical addiction, suggest. Gabriel Nahas, a professor of anesthesiology at Columbia, has been eloquent on this point: "The desire for instant gratification is a profound psychological reinforcer. Physical dependence does not develop with central-nervous-system stimulants such as cocaine, which is known to create . . . one of the most enslaving types of drug dependence. Addiction to a drug is not a function of the ability to produce withdrawal symptoms. Drug dependence results basically from the reproducible interaction between an individual and a pleasure-inducing biologically active molecule. The common denominator of all drug dependence is the psychological reinforcement resulting from reward associated with past [use of the drug] and the subsequent increasing desire for repeated reinforcement."

So much for theory. Are there marijuana addicts? Well, there are American schoolchildren, hundreds of thousands of them, who smoke five or ten joints every day of their lives and devote a very considerable portion of their time and energy to ensuring that they will have a steady supply. If that is not addiction, it will do until the real thing comes along.

2. *The use of marijuana does not in itself lead to the use of heroin.*

A meaningless statement then and now. What "in itself" would lead to the use of heroin? Cowan is like Hume, who couldn't see the causal mechanism when one billiard ball struck another and propelled it across the table. What did he expect to see?

Marijuana is cheap and readily available. It introduces

Susan Magnus

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the user to the pleasures of procuring instant gratification from chemicals. It is usually not so strong or disorienting as to frighten the first-time user away from repeated use. In the punishment-reward balance so important to habituation, it beats alcohol hands down—direct stimulation of the pleasure centers, no sickness or noticeable hangovers. It is the ideal beginning to a life of drug abuse, notwithstanding that most occasional users will never so much as see heroin in real life.

Phoenix House is America's largest residential program for the treatment of drug abuse. Of the 15,000 people treated there between 1968 and 1980, nearly all smoked marijuana. Which proves nothing. Except that the longest journey begins with a single step.

3. *No one has ever died from an overdose of marijuana.*

As far as I know, this is true. It does not, as we shall see below, mean that marijuana has not been an agent in many deaths.

4. *Marijuana* used in moderation *causes no identified physical or mental problems for individuals who are otherwise healthy.*

I will deal with mental-health effects, including brain damage, at a later point.

There is no doubt that smoking marijuana has very severe effects on the lungs. The most well-confirmed effects are those other than cancer—inflammation of the lungs, difficulty in breathing, chronic bronchitis, emphysema. Partly because marijuana smoke is so harsh and partly because marijuana smokers typically inhale deeply and retain the smoke for as long as they are able, a single joint may have an effect on the lungs as serious as that of 16 tobacco cigarettes. A U.S. Army study observed emphysema in 18-year-old marijuana smokers, whereas tobacco smokers usually do not develop such conditions until they have smoked for between ten and twenty years.

It has been established that marijuana smoke can produce pre-cancerous conditions in human lung tissue. Marijuana smoke contains larger amounts of cancer-causing hydrocarbons than does tobacco smoke. Cannabis residuals, the equivalent of cigarette "tar," have been shown to be tumor-producing when applied to animals in experiments. There is no firm epidemiological evidence linking marijuana with cancer. It would take twenty years or so to establish such a link. But laboratory evidence suggests that such a link will eventually be found.

Marijuana use increases the heartbeat and can produce angina pectoris in heart-impaired adults after exercise. The effect is more serious than that caused by tobacco smoke. No one with any sort of heart ailment should use marijuana.

There has been a good deal of speculation that marijuana reduces the body's immune response, particularly the formation of white blood cells, thus making the smoker more susceptible to disease. So far the evidence for such an effect in human beings is weak and contradictory. But animal tests have consistently indicated a definite reduction in the immune response.

THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), the most important active ingredient in marijuana, can cross the placental barrier between mother and unborn child. The THC concentrates in the child's fatty tissues, including the brain. THC is definitely carried in mother's milk. There is some disputed evidence that marijuana produces a higher rate of miscarriages and stillbirths in monkeys. Because of the risks to the unborn child, evidence of birth defects is difficult to obtain. But fetal tissue is extremely sensitive to foreign chemicals. Experience has shown that many substances which are safe for adults are teratogenic (capable of producing birth defects). Even NORML agrees that pregnant or nursing women should avoid marijuana.

There is some evidence that heavy marijuana use reduces both male and female fertility. Granted, there are few studies in this area that do not have some defect. One famous study showed a decrease in the level of testosterone (the primary male hormone) in heavy users. But the study has been challenged because of the failure to use adequate control groups and because the testosterone levels, while low, stayed within normal ranges. Still NORML, a hostile witness, summarizes research in this area by saying, "The heavy use of marijuana for long periods of time can temporarily reduce the production of sperm and testosterone."

Another study, showing that female users had an abnormally high rate of defective menstrual cycles, has also been criticized because of defects in the selection of the control group. The most well-documented studies in this area are ones showing abnormalities in the count, mobility, and structure of the sperm of male users. This evidence is strong and backed up by animal studies. There is no proof that the effect persists after use is discontinued.

There has been so much rhetoric about marijuana's being a 'harmless recreational drug' that the obvious is overlooked

In short, Cowan's assertion that there are no adverse health effects from marijuana use would be irreponsible if repeated today. But the health effects we have been discussing are also produced by lots of substances conservatives would not want banned by the FDA.

5. *Marijuana does not induce criminal behavior or sexual aberration. In fact, it tends in most users to inhibit violence.*

Again I will aggregate discussion of mental-health effects in one section below. Here I will note that there have been persistent reports from clinical psychologists of impotence in chronic users, though such case histories cannot be considered to be as authoritative as a formal study of the subject. Also, the assertion that "in most users it tends to inhibit violence" is in itself an admission of the powerful effects of the drug. Indeed it should be obvious that marijuana would not be used if it did not have a powerful effect on the brain. But there has been so much rhetoric about marijuana's being a "harmless recreational drug" that the obvious is often overlooked.

6. *Marijuana* in moderate use *has little effect on the driving ability of experienced users of it—the contrast with the socially equivalent alcohol consumption is to the disadvantage of alcohol.*

According to NIDA, "a driver under marijuana's influence is not as likely to lose control of the car" as a driver under the influence of alcohol. But driving- and flight-simulator performance-test results and actual driving behavior "all

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tend to show significant performance and perceptual deficits" as a result of being high. Marijuana smokers have been found to be over-represented in fatal highway accidents as compared to non-users of the same sex and age group.

The most interesting tests are those which show that experienced pilots who predicted that marijuana would not affect their performance and noticed no deterioration in their performance after using it actually performed markedly less well under the influence of one joint. The danger here is that both driving and flying performance decrements persist even after the feeling of subjective intoxication is gone. The user doesn't have to feel high to be a worse driver. Moreover THC lingers in the body long after the equivalent amount of alcohol has been flushed away.

7. *Long-term abuse (gross overuse) should be assumed to be harmful, but in fact there is as yet no conclusive evidence to that effect.*

In no way a scientific statement. What does Mr. Cowan mean by "long-term abuse (gross overuse)" if he doesn't think that "long-term abuse (gross overuse)" is harmful? It has been a consistent tactic of the marijuana advocates to obscure the common-sense objections to the use of the drug with pseudo-scientific appeals to the legal standard of reasonable doubt. This may be a necessary consequence of having to argue for the drug's legality by proving its harmlessness.

They are—drug addicts, at least temporarily; 'burnouts,' boring, irrational, and not fit to function as responsible adults

There is a science-fiction tale set at a future time when all drug addiction has been eliminated—or rather, replaced. The new addiction is to direct electrical stimulation of the pleasure centers of the brain. There are no side effects, physical addiction, withdrawal agonies, or any other health effects whatsoever. All the addict gets is what he wants in its most pure, uncorrupted form. But he spends his whole life getting it. Which brings us to the real objection to marijuana use.

8. *The moderate use of marijuana does not lead to changes in social behavior or to a loss of motivation. It may correspond with an observable change in people's lives but it is not the cause of that change.*

9. *Twenty-five million people use or have used marijuana. Marijuana is readily available today to anyone of minimum ingenuity who looks for it.*

A few facts:

Nearly fifty million Americans have now tried marijuana, but it is among young people that its use is growing most rapidly. The overwhelming majority of chronic users are under age twenty-five.

According to 1980 figures, 10 per cent of high-school seniors were daily users averaging 3.25 joints a day. (The 10 per cent figure may be slightly lower today.) Other recent figures showed approximately 15 per cent of 14- to 15-year-olds as current though not daily users. Similar sets of statistics show a consistent picture—marijuana use is much more prevalent among young people today than in the early Seventies.

The marijuana smoked in the U.S. today is usually imported and has a far higher THC content than the domestic marijuana usually smoked here in the Sixties. It may be as much as ten or twenty times as potent.

As mentioned earlier, THC lingers in the body: 30 to 50 per cent of the THC may remain a week after the marijuana is smoked. Someone who smokes even once or twice a week is never entirely free of it. A daily user may always be either under the influence of the drug (though he will not always feel high) or withdrawing from it.

As was pointed out in a recent paper from the Heritage Foundation, the first professionals to challenge seriously the late-Sixties consensus that marijuana was harmless were clinical psychiatrists, usually associated with school or college health programs. These clinicians, who come into daily contact with chronic marijuana users, have described the psychological effects of the drug in remarkably consistent terms. Louis J. West of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Oklahoma Medical Center observed numbers of students who were suffering the effects of chronic use as typically described by school psychiatrists. He describes the symptoms of chronic use as "diminished drive, lessened ambition, decreased motivation, apathy, shortened attention span, distractibility, poor judgment, impaired communication skills, less effectiveness, magical thinking, derealization, depersonalization, diminished capacity to carry out complex plans or prepare realistically for the future, a peculiar fragmentation in the flow of thought, habit deterioration, and progressive loss of insight." He concluded, "There is a clinical impression of organicity to this syndrome that I simply cannot explain away."

Other symptoms include short-term memory loss, decrease in logical skills and speaking in non-sequiturs, follow-the-leader behavior, and tendencies to paranoia. This last often focuses on the use of the drug itself. A chronic user will often become angry at the suggestion that the drug is having a harmful effect on him. Vigorous denials of addiction are common among users who have smoked continuously for three or four years and are very unwilling to stop.

The psychological effects of the drug are particularly dangerous for children and adolescents. Dr. Nahas again: "Chemical stimulation of the pleasure centers endangers the adolescent's chance to develop his own natural resources for joy and emotional stability. Fooled by the effects of a drug, he is unable to judge either the extent or the consequences of his 'habit.'" A NIDA spokesman on younger users: "Their lives seem to narrow in focus, as they become more preoccupied with the rituals of drug use and with drug-using friends. The youngster may frequently be fatigued, depressed, and moody. S/he may have a tendency toward paranoia. . . . Mood-altering drugs provide a quick and simple escape from the stresses that are a normal part of growing up. A youngster who continually blots out pain, boredom, or frustration never learns to cope with them. . . . Being stoned is a self-absorbing, self-limiting, anti-social experience." Again this is common sense. It is an obvious disaster for a young person at that critical time of figuring out the world to be continually exposed to delusional thinking.

Early on in the marijuana debate, the symptoms we have been discussing were lumped together and identified by

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Susan Magnus

marijuana foes as the "amotivational syndrome," by which they meant a specific mental-health effect with its physiological basis in THC's interaction with the brain. In the words of Kolansky and Moore, two Philadelphia psychiatrists who pioneered this area, it is "a *specific* and *separate* clinical syndrome, . . . a toxic reaction in the central nervous system due to regular use of marijuana and hashish." Marijuana advocates have vigorously denied the existence of any such specific syndrome. Whether these symptoms are part of a specific syndrome based on toxic reaction to THC or whether they are simply the accumulated effects of continually putting the brain out to pasture is not an unimportant question. But neither answer is reassuring.

One indication of a specific syndrome based in physiological damage rather than subjective reactions would be persistence of the symptoms. A number of clinicians have reported lasting deficiencies in intellectual functioning among former chronic smokers. There is also experimental evidence from several sources for changes in brain-cell structure as a result of exposure to marijuana.

Robert Heath, Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology at Tulane University Medical School, has detected permanent changes in the deep brain areas of rhesus monkeys that smoked daily for six months. The deep brain areas are thought to affect the emotions, behavior, and pleasure reactions. Heath's technique is controversial, and, like most studies in the field, his has been criticized. Among other problems, his technique is too dangerous to use on human beings, and the effects he describes cannot be detected by safer methods. But Heath has answered the most important criticisms, and his work seems to stand up.

Specific syndrome or no, all these elements—the persistence of THC in the body, its direct stimulation of the pleasure centers, its other pleasant delusional effects, mild withdrawal symptoms, paranoia about criticism of marijuana use, etc.—are potential building-blocks of a self-perpetuating chronic use of the drug. And however much the advocates of marijuana deny its mental-health effects, the drug culture itself confirms them. Chronic users are "potheads"—and everyone knows what *they* are like. Potheads can't remember anything, they care about little other than getting stoned, they do badly at school or at work. They are clannish and paranoid. They are—drug addicts, at least temporarily; "burnouts," useless, boring, empty-headed, irrational, stupid, and not fit to function as responsible adults, especially in a democracy. Although potheads are not typical of pot smokers generally, anyone under the age of 35 can testify, on the basis of personal experience, to the truth of the above description.

The very occasional use of marijuana is probably no more harmful than many other (quite legal) activities. Still, if the evidence available today about the dangers of frequent use had been available 15 years ago, the argument that marijuana should be legal because it is harmless would never have gotten off the ground. Moreover, the special dangers for young users and the prospect of 10 to 15 per cent of the adolescent population being too doped up to mature normally or get an education certainly justify, in theory, state intervention.

On the other hand, use by an adult and sale by adults to adults are not such serious matters as to justify arrest or even lesser legal penalties. (Chronic use by adults is quite a serious matter, but it isn't practical to forbid only chronic use.) Nor is there evidence that stricter laws against marijuana would be effective. Use among children has gone up since decriminalization has become common. But there is not enough evidence to link the events. Certainly marijuana use was widespread even when it was more illegal than it is today. As for forbidding use by children and legalizing it for adults, that hasn't worked very well for alcohol or tobacco.

Which leaves conservatives where? With a situation they may find unpalatable but should not find surprising. Marijuana was freely available in the United States for most of our history. It was rarely used. Now it is being used in large amounts. That is cause for alarm but there is probably

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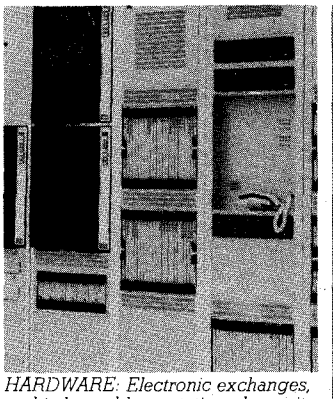

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5134        **********
5135        * PROCESS HANDOFF PRIORITY
5136        **********
5137
5138      CALL SOMHNDPRI (,,S_EXC_MSG
HND_PRI     EQU     *
            LD      DE,(S_EXC_MSGDAT)
            LD      HL,(S_EXC_ORGPRT)
            CALL    SOMHNDPRI
5139      GO TO T_RETURN
            JP      T_RETURN
5140
5141  T_HND_REQ:
5142
5143        **********
5144        * PROCESS HANDOFF REQUEST (
5145        **********
5146
5147      CALL SOMHNDREQ (,,S_EXC_MSG
HND_REQ     EQU     *
            LD      DE,(S_EXC_MSGDAT)
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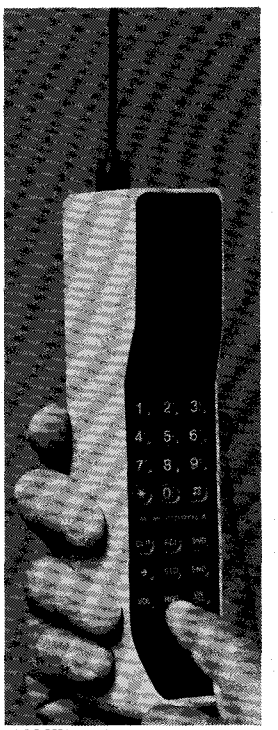

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no political solution, or at least no direct one. We can speculate about public policies that may indirectly encourage drug use, but there is no particular reason to believe that the government can mount a "program" to solve the marijuana problem. Like any number of current tendencies toward stupid, superficial, mind-blanking hedonism, it may continue unabated. The reasons why a very large percentage of the people in a society should all of a sudden decide they want to spend lots of time in a dream world are, after all, mysterious. In the meantime, we can do our bit for clear thinking by reminding people that it is the dream world itself, not any side effects of entering it, that is the real enemy. □

Richard C. Cowan says YES

MR. VIGILANTE uses the "marijuana isn't harmless as everyone thought" strawman that has served the supporters of marijuana prohibition remarkably well for ten years. By characterizing the opponents of marijuana prohibition as "marijuana boosters" or "advocates," he ignores what I called my "thesis," which is that the *laws against marijuana are more harmful than it is, and in fact make it more harmful than it would be if it were legal.*

I was and am in favor of the legalization of marijuana, but not because I thought in 1972 or think now that it is "harmless." Nothing is harmless to everyone or at every dosage level. Neither I nor the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) claims that marijuana is harmless, nor have we *ever* based our arguments for "decriminalization" or legalization on that premise.

Why, then, did I begin the article with nine assertions of fact about marijuana? Well, it is necessary to remember the temper of the times. Back in 1972, most conservatives believed that one puff on a joint made you an addict first of pot and finally of the *inevitable heroin*, and then, if you didn't commit suicide, or get killed in a car wreck, or die of some hideous brain disease, you became a Democrat. This, after all, was what we were told by the "narcotics" bureaucracy, our recognized experts.

The fact is that the "narcotics" bureaucrats had been making a variety of wild claims about the perils of pot for decades, making it virtually impossible to do research on the subject. Today, since they can no longer block all research on the drug, the narcocrats simply sponsor ideologically reliable researchers who can be counted on to produce politically useful results. And conservatives generally swallow it whole, because they do not apply to marijuana the same high intellectual standards with which they analyze other subjects, nor do they apply the same standards to the laws against it that they apply to other laws.

I am unwilling to concede that the National Institute on Drug Abuse is an unbiased source, but would recommend the February 1982 report of the National Academy of Sciences/Institute of Medicine, *Marijuana and Health*. It is certainly not "pro-pot," but it is pro-science. And it does not support any of Mr. Vigilante's more extreme claims. Of even greater interest is the National Research Council report of June 21, 1982, which was promptly suppressed by the narcocracy because it questions the efficacy of marijuana prohibition and advocates complete decriminalization and the consideration of legalization, while specifically stating that "marijuana is not harmless."

Now on to Mr. Vigilante's specifics—his responses to my original points.

1. Is marijuana addictive?

Of course marijuana is "habit-forming," or, if one must sound sinister, "psychologically addictive." Almost everything pleasant is habit-forming. Television, for example.

Mr. Vigilante is correct in saying it is now established that marijuana tolerance does develop. However, there is some evidence that tolerance develops much more rapidly for pure THC, the principal psychoactive ingredient, than for the weed itself. This is a major problem in the attempt to use THC as a substitute for marijuana in either research or therapy.

In practice, an experienced smoker does not require massive doses to get high, and tolerance does not always lead to dependence. Indeed, there are many poisons and allergens to which people may develop "tolerance," but certainly not dependence. By the time I finish this I may even develop a tolerance for Mr. Vigilante.

What the highly politicized Dr. Nahas seems to be saying is that addiction comes from the carrot of pleasure rather than from the stick of withdrawal. This may be polemically necessary, since marijuana withdrawal is at worst

Susan Magnus

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a small stick, but it is also a redefinition of addiction that is certainly not widely accepted—nor is the existence of a "pleasure center" in the brain.

The 1982 NAS report mentioned above says: "Cannabis dependence does not mean the same thing as cannabis addiction. Dependence means only that a withdrawal syndrome can occur when drug-taking is stopped. Addiction implies compulsive behavior to acquire the drug." In fact almost any activity, e.g., hand-washing, can become the object of compulsive behavior, but, as even Mr. Vigilante acknowledges, in terms of "addiction" marijuana doesn't compare with heroin, or the barbiturates, which was my point in 1972. Incidentally, it also does not compare with either alcohol or tobacco.

2. I have never played billiards with Hume, but I have no difficulty with cause and effect. Post pot ergo propter pot may be the longest-running classifiable logical fallacy in contemporary political folklore. Of course most heroin addicts had previously used marijuana. The logically relevant question is how many pot smokers become heroin addicts and why.

Back in 1972 the narcocrats told us that "marijuana leads to heroin" because after a while the marijuana "addict" can't get high enough on mere marijuana, so he goes on to the hard stuff. I know at least one judge who used this as an excuse to send pot smokers to prison. Why not, since they were all going to be heroin addicts anyway?

What is interesting here is Mr. Vigilante's line of reasoning. "[Marijuana] introduces the user to the pleasures of procuring instant gratification from chemicals." Nonsense. What about aspirin, for fast, fast, fast relief? Or Speedy Alka Seltzer? Or the rush for the morning's first cigarette? Or nasal sprays? Or alcohol?

"[Marijuana] is usually not so strong or disorienting as to frighten the first-time user away from repeated use." In fact, many first-time users do not even get high. Many find it unpleasant. After all, marijuana is, as Mr. Vigilante says, "cheap and readily available," and the law is demonstrably not an effective deterrent, but most people still do not smoke. Pot "beats alcohol hands down," but there are four times as many drinkers as pot smokers. Obviously, most first-time users of alcohol are not deterred from continued use.

The NAS report says, "The use of marijuana follows that of alcohol and tobacco. It is preceded by acceptance of a cluster of beliefs and values that often reflect disavowal of many standards upheld by adults." The behavioral deterioration commonly associated with drug abuse often *precedes* the drug abuse, but of course is aggravated by it.

So why do we say that a life of drug abuse begins with marijuana and not alcohol? Because that is where we arbitrarily draw the line that makes both marijuana and heroin illegal. The law creates the only real connection: both are on Schedule One of the Controlled Substances Act. That is another story, but I do detect certain elements of cause and effect. Hume must have been a very bad pool player.

3. The fact that no one has ever died from a marijuana overdose was perhaps more important in 1972 than today, but it does indicate the low toxicity of the drug. Thousands of people die every year from overdoses of aspirin, Darvon, alcohol, and of course tranquilizers, as well as heroin and cocaine. As for marijuana's being an "agent" in many deaths, perhaps, but Mr. Vigilante never gets around to introducing any hard evidence.

4. *Marijuana* used in moderation *causes no identifiable physical or mental problems for individuals who are otherwise healthy.*

At the risk of appearing "irresponsible," I think that this is still generally true, with the important qualification that some individuals may be sensitive to substances in doses that are innocuous to most. Some people should abstain from even the smallest doses of any psychoactive drug.

Speaking of 'paranoia,' I am reminded of what Kissinger said about a well-known non-pot-smoker: 'Even paranoiacs have real enemies'

Now on to the lungs. Obviously any kind of smoke will at some level have an adverse effect on the respiratory system. However, Mr. Vigilante's statement that "there is no doubt that smoking marijuana has very severe effects on the lungs" simply is not true for any level of usage that could be considered moderate, including daily use.

His statement that a single joint may have an effect on the lungs as serious as that of 16 tobacco cigarettes is a distortion of a study by Donald Tashkin of UCLA. Tashkin was referring to one effect—impeding air flow—not to overall lung damage. None of his subjects had any serious respiratory problems. Moreover, Tashkin said, "we are not suggesting that smoking marijuana . . . will necessarily produce symptomatic or disabling respiratory impairment." Mr. Vigilante needs to learn that the narcocracy is not above quoting authorities out of context, even reversing the implications of their research.

It is true that marijuana smoke contains 25 per cent more "cancer-causing hydrocarbons than does tobacco smoke," but this difference is not significant given that all but the heaviest marijuana smokers consume far less smoke than even moderate tobacco smokers. Of course, if one drew the incorrect inference that one joint equaled 16 cigarettes instead of one and a quarter . . .

Incidentally, the respiratory risk associated with smoking marijuana might be significantly reduced by using a waterpipe. However, the latest triumph of the War on Drugs, in Texas and several other states, is the outlawing of waterpipes because they are drug paraphernalia!

5. Again I must refer to the context of 1972, when "sexual aberration" meant rape, not impotence. This was a part of the Reefer Madness type of propaganda. For many years it was claimed that marijuana caused criminal insanity, with extremely violent and brutal crimes.

Mr. Vigilante says: "The assertion 'that in most users it tends to inhibit violence' is in itself an admission of the powerful effects of the drug." That seems to be reading a lot into a little. All that this means is that people who are smoking are usually less rowdy than people who are drinking.

Mr. Cowan is a Texas-based investor in things other than marijuana.

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Mr. Vigilante says: "It should be obvious that marijuana would not be used if it did not have a powerful effect on the brain." Well, what is it supposed to affect? The feet? As to its being "powerful," the effect is dose-related. Small doses have a small effect, and large doses have more.

6. Here our differences would be quibbling.

7. Mr. Vigilante says: "It has been a consistent tactic of the marijuana advocates to obscure the common-sense objections to the use of the drug with pseudo-scientific appeals to the legal standard of reasonable doubt. This may be a necessary consequence of having to argue for the drug's legality by proving its harmlessness." What this tells me is that Mr. Vigilante seems never to have read—or at least understood—anything by anyone favoring legalization. Once again, our premise is *not* that marijuana is harmless.

8. This point, more than any of the others, illuminates the context of 1972, the "late hippie" period. The social turmoil of the period from, say, 1964 to 1974 was extraordinary, and marijuana was often blamed for what people saw. Well, as Mr. Vigilante observes, marijuana is more prevalent than ever, but Ronald Reagan now occupies the White House and the campuses are covered with alligator shirts.

The people who started smoking in college in the Sixties as "revolutionaries" are now "establishment" executives and professionals, and many of them still smoke, although generally without the knowledge of their senior partners. There is a great deal more smoke than kinky sex in the closets of America.

I cannot let pass without comment his list of other symptoms of chronic use: "short-term memory loss, decrease in logical skills and speaking in non-sequiturs, follow-the-leader behavior, and tendencies to paranoia." This would also be an excellent description of conservatives *discussing* marijuana. They forget that the government tells them something different about pot every few years, and never ask what happened to the old horror stories.

Speaking of "paranoia," I am reminded of what Henry Kissinger said about a well-known non-pot-smoker: "Even paranoiacs have real enemies." Several million of these "paranoid" potheads have been arrested and even kept in prison for long periods of time. Mr. Vigilante cites paranoia about criticism of marijuana use as a symptom of chronic users. Since this criticism is used as an excuse for putting chronic users in jail, is it really paranoia?

Now, if I may, I would like to explain what I consider to be the principal dangers of marijuana for children and adults.

First, for children there may be greater physical dangers than for adults. For example, around the time of puberty any disturbance in hormone levels could have serious consequences. Some studies have indicated that moderately heavy smoking can reduce testosterone levels temporarily to a low/normal level. This would be of little importance to *most* adults, but for *some* children it might have permanent consequences, which, given the different rates of maturation, might not be immediately apparent. This is not to say that one joint and Junior is a permanent soprano, or Susie will grow a beard. Whatever the risk may be it is dose-related. The more the child smokes, the greater the risk.

Obviously, with heavy smoking there might be some immediately apparent, and probably reversible, respiratory problems, but generally speaking, I would be more concerned about the development of the child's mental processes. A person under the influence of marijuana can still think and deal with the real world. However, marijuana does alter consciousness in such a way as to encourage non-linear thought. If a person has a good understanding of the real world, if he is mature, experienced, educated, and skilled at linear thought, this state may not be dangerous. In fact it may be useful. It offers the possibility of new perspectives—which should subsequently be analyzed when not stoned.

Being stoned may also reduce the critical faculties, in the sense that one is apt to be more enthusiastic about things than when "straight." Since much humor is based on incongruity, things may seem very funny, especially to the inexperienced user.

It should be obvious that while there is nothing terribly sinister about all of this, it could pose serious problems for children, for the immature of all ages, and for people who just do not think very well. The effect is again dose-related. The more one smokes, the greater the effect. The longer one stays stoned, the less frequently one can align oneself with the linear real world.

Smoking, as Mr. Vigilante says, is also used to escape the pain of the real world, especially the problems of growing up. Children certainly need to learn to deal with life's problems without sedation, and being stoned may very well make things worse. Still, as a teacher of troubled children said to me once, "If I had all of their problems I might get stoned, too." It is often rightly observed that drug abuse causes problems in the schools, but the degree to which problems in the schools cause drug abuse is seldom appreciated. However, it is easier to blame drugs than to confront the more basic problems.

The finite resources devoted to suppressing marijuana are hence not available for the suppression of more dangerous substances

Frankly, I am confused by Mr. Vigilante's conclusions. First, he says that if we knew then what he thinks he knows now, the argument that marijuana "should be legal because it is harmless would never have gotten off the ground." Then he says, "On the other hand, use by an adult and sale by adults to adults are not such serious matters as to justify arrest or even lesser legal penalties." In other words, it's "harmless" enough to be legal?

He correctly observes that it would not be practical to outlaw only "chronic" use. "Nor is there evidence that stricter laws against marijuana would be effective." Texas presents remarkable evidence of the failure of very harsh laws to deter. As he says, "marijuana use was widespread even when it was more illegal than it is today." Indeed this was the period of most rapid growth.

If we were to take the resources wasted on keeping marijuana from adults and redirect them toward keeping it from children, legalization might even reduce the availability of pot in the schools.

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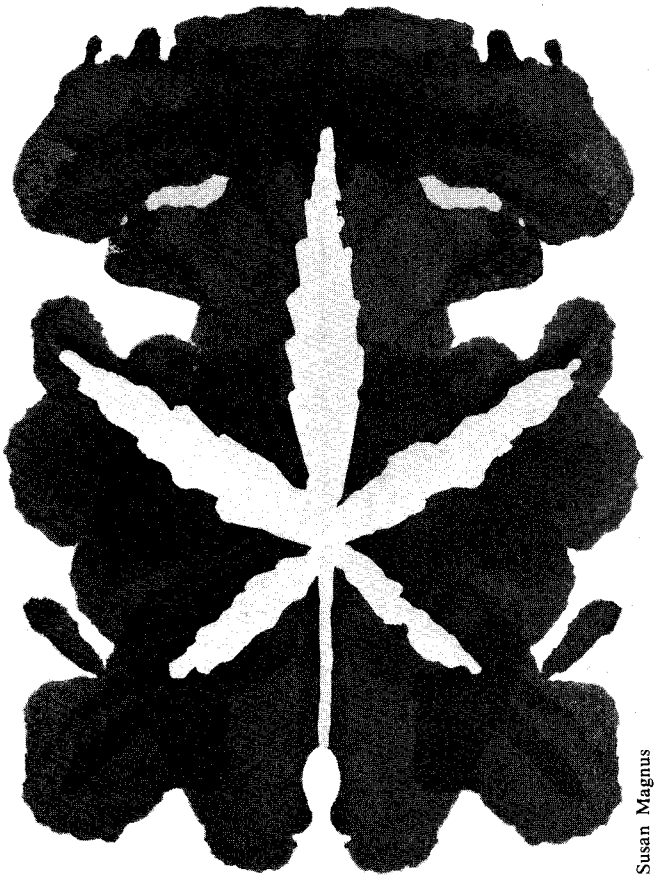

Susan Magnus

Mr. Vigilante arrives at no specific conclusion, so I will now try to explain what I think the conservative position on marijuana and the laws should be, and why.

The reasons why marijuana should be legalized, with conservative leadership, are fairly simple and straightforward. And they have nothing to do with marijuana's being "harmless."

Conservatives generally understand, as liberals often do not, that laws can have an effect opposite to that which is intended. Price controls can aggravate inflation. Busing for racial balance has caused more segregation. Legislated equality creates greater inequality. Similarly, because of its prohibition, marijuana—the most popular illicit drug by far—is thrown into the same distribution channels and cultural milieu as other, much more dangerous substances. The finite resources devoted to suppressing marijuana are hence not available for the suppression of these more dangerous substances, or for just keeping all drugs away from children, who are supposedly our primary concern. (Although, in fact, marijuana use by children seems to have reached the saturation point and started declining—in spite of, rather than because of, prohibition.) Contraband marijuana will always be of uncertain potency and purity, especially by the time it reaches children, the least sophisticated buyers.

At the same time, the profits from the marijuana traffic are an important contribution to the underworld. The enforcement of the marijuana laws is a substantial burden on the criminal-justice system and a major source of police corruption. A large number of people have been drawn into an illegal industry, and more than twenty million people regularly do business with them. This must undermine their respect for the law in general.

Meanwhile, marijuana is more easily acquired by a 16-year-old who should not use it than by a sixty-year-old cancer or glaucoma patient who needs it. Marijuana is not perfect in its therapeutic applications, but for many people it is the only thing that will stave off blindness, agony, even death. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the limited vision of some anti-marijuana crusaders than the legal and bureaucratic interference with its medical use. There are specific legislative remedies for this problem, but they are opposed by the supporters of prohibition for ideological reasons. Conservatives should, at the very least, endorse the use of marijuana for medical reasons, instead of attacking it as "the back door to legalization."

In general, the politicization of drug research undermines the credibility of valid drug information. In the short run, untrue but frightening reports about the dire effects of pot may result in reduced consumption. In the long run, these reports will be seen to be false, and users will, in reaction, disbelieve even the reports that are true. Even worse, warnings about the effects of other drugs also lose credibility, with most unfortunate consequences. Statements such as "marijuana is the most dangerous drug" are not just harmless hyperbole—they necessarily imply that angel dust, speed, and heroin are "safer."

Some supporters of marijuana prohibition argue that the legalization of sale or cultivation, or even the decriminalization of simple possession, will convey the message, especially to children, that marijuana is "harmless." These people, carried away by their own polemics, have thus attributed a meaning to changing the marijuana laws that in the contemporary American context is unique, with legality implying both safety and sanctity, not only for adults but also *especially for children.*

The first thing to understand is that while questioning the validity of reports on the dangers of marijuana does not imply that marijuana is "harmless," it must raise questions about the veracity of the anti-marijuana crusaders at some level.

Consider the implications of what I am saying, if I am correct. The narcotics police are an enormous, corrupt international bureaucracy with billion-dollar budgets, and multibillion-dollar graft opportunities. They have lied to us for fifty years about the effects of marijuana and now fund a coterie of researchers who provide them with "scientific" support. Some of these people are fanatics who distort the legitimate research of others for propaganda purposes.

I realize that this is much more extreme than saying that marijuana is harmless, which, again, it is not. If I am right, then the anti-marijuana propaganda campaign is a cancerous tissue of lies undermining law enforcement, aggravating the drug problem, depriving the sick of needed help, and suckering in well-intentioned conservatives like Mr. Vigilante, and countless frightened parents.

I conclude my response to Mr. Vigilante with a challenge to all the supporters of marijuana prohibition for a full-scale debate of the real issues involved here. First, of course, is what are the real effects, and dangers, of marijuana? But also, what are the lies that have been and are being told about it, and why are they being told? Also we must discuss the overall drug problem, including alcoholism. And last but not least, we must discuss the effects of prohibition on law enforcement, the corruption of the narcotics police, and the intrinsically immoral methods that are routinely, and necessarily, used to enforce the laws. □

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help !!!!

Hymn to the Mole

(Adapted from William Cowper and Bishop Reginald Heber)

Mole moves in a mysterious way;
  How subtly he performs!
He pries our privy secrets out
  To thus fulfill his norms.

Deep in his labyrinthine mines
  He drills his wat'ry way
To tap our telephonic lines
  From London to Bombay.

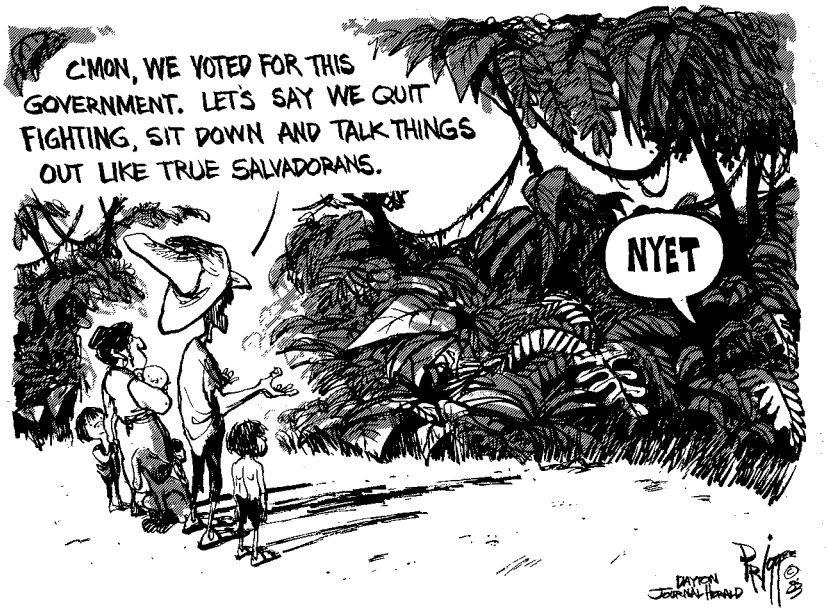
From Greenland's icy mountains
  To India's coral strands,
Our cosmo-mole in orbit
  Observes and understands.

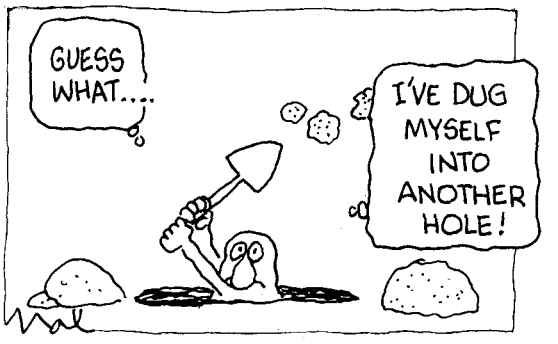
And with his chum, the cagey bee,
  He visits ev'ry flower,
To ferret sweets from honey traps
  To thus improve his power.

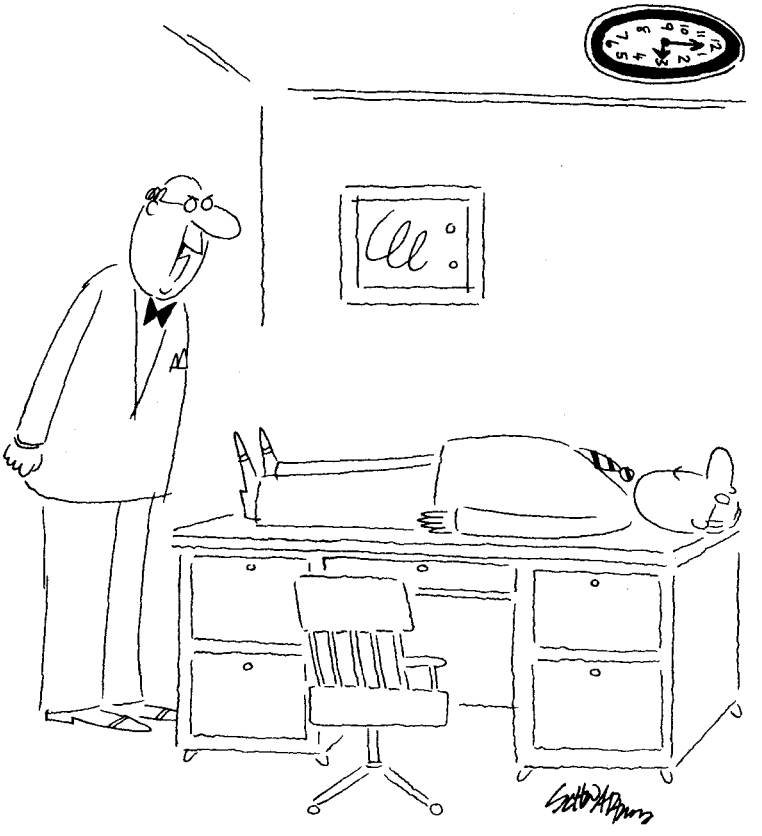
Blunt is his snout, his torso Straight,
  His voice is but a Hiss;
His overcoat is Dexter White,
  But bloody is his kiss.

The world has unsung heroes,
  Some colorless, some droll;
But ne'er a name will match in fame
  With that of Comrade Mole!

—Paul Seabury







"Harwith, it's about your clock-watching."

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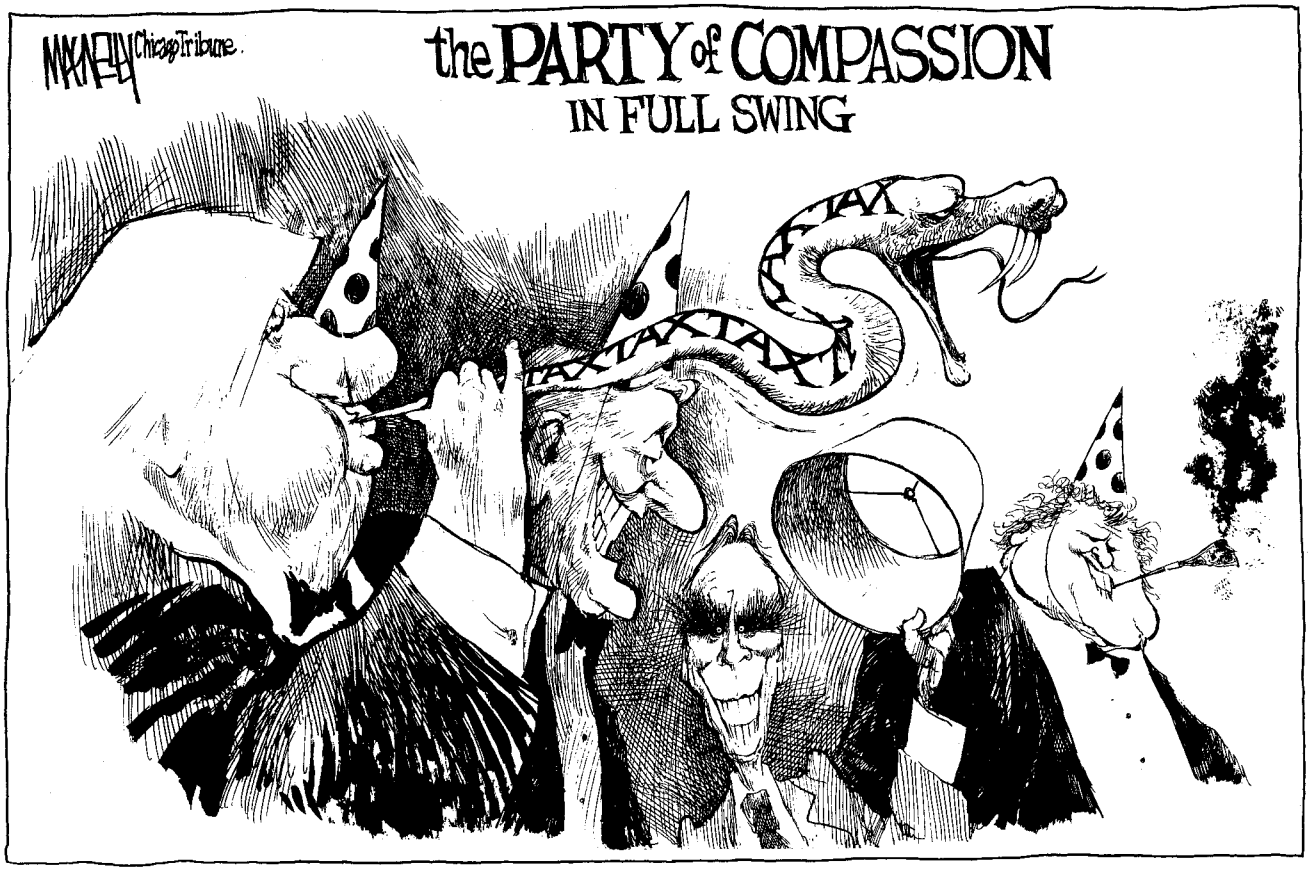

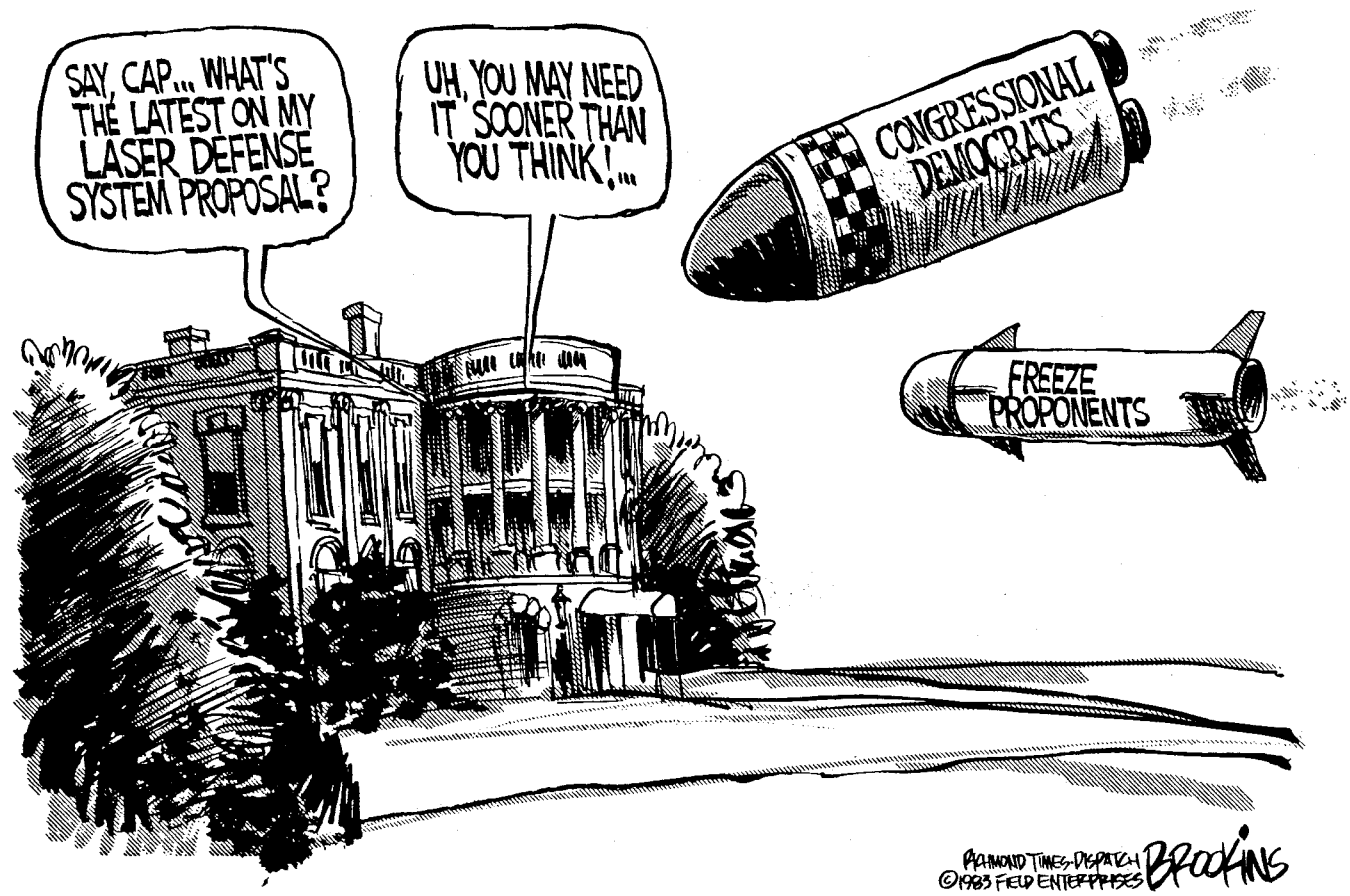
SAY, CAP... WHAT'S THE LATEST ON MY LASER DEFENSE SYSTEM PROPOSAL?
UH, YOU MAY NEED IT SOONER THAN YOU THINK!...
CONGRESSIONAL DEMOCRATS
FREEZE PROPONENTS
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THE OPEN QUESTION

Thanks, but No Thanks

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

In Bill Buckley's article on his latest visit to Mainland China (*NR*, Feb. 4), he mentions encountering our old friend Bob Myers, formerly publisher of *The New Republic*, at the U.S. Embassy in Peking, and quotes Bob as remarking that he had "tried for years to persuade Bill Rusher to come to visit China."

Bill passes the incident off with the sensible observation that it's a little hard to say why anybody who has a personal disinclination to visit Red China (or Russia) should exert himself very strenuously to overcome it. And yet there *is* something piquant (I use the word properly: i.e., with reverence) about the difference between Bill's observed behavior and my own—two Ivy Leaguers of almost the same age, who agree on so much else. Some years ago, learning of an especially toothsome bargain being offered by Aeroflot during the Christmas season, Bill called off his annual Christmas party and invited the entire top staff of National Review to accompany him on a one-week package tour of Moscow, Kalinin, and Leningrad. Twenty-six people took him up on it. This little piggy stayed home. In Heaven's name, why?

Let me scotch at once the plausible hypothesis that I simply dislike traveling. On the contrary, I adore it. I don't think it is at all impossible that, excluding the Communist bloc, I have visited more countries than Bill has. I have circled the globe four times (twice eastward, twice westward); I have—unless I miscount—visited Europe on 26 separate occasions, the Far East on 17, Africa on 9, and so on. In 1973 I passed through the far-distant Seychelles; in 1978 I spent four days on remote (and fascinating) Easter Island; in 1980, I even made it to Katmandu and thence to Everest. Last October I returned from my third snorkeling expedition to Bora Bora. No, I am distinctly not the stay-at-home type. Why, then, not Moscow or Peking?

I have analyzed my feelings fairly carefully, and have concluded that there are three distinct sets of reasons. To discuss them in ascending order of importance, they are:

1. *The aesthetic reasons.* When I travel abroad, it is for pleasure. Not always for comfort (though I am fond of that too), but certainly for pleasure. And pleasure is the one thing my intuition, fortified by almost everything I have ever heard or read on the subject, tells me I would rarely feel behind the Iron or Bamboo Curtain. I realize of course that there are some few (though amazingly few) truly impressive "sights" there: the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, Peking's Forbidden City, the Great Wall, etc. But, on the quite unanimous testimony of friends of mine who have seen them, one reaches these rare rewards at the far end of a long obstacle course of uncomfortable plane flights, tedious train rides, dusty bus trips, lousy food, lumpy mattresses, rude bureaucrats, uninspiring scenery, and dismal squalor. To invoke the authority of none other than the aforesaid Bob Myers, with whom a couple of years ago I was discussing the delights of Chinese cuisine, there isn't (or wasn't, as of his then-most-recent visit) a single good restaurant in Peking. And I call as my next witness Br'er Buckley's own wife (who accompanied him on this trip). Bill did not, in his article, do full justice to the Peking railroad station. He does tell us, obscurely, that it disproves the notion that Chairman Mao solved the problem of municipal hygiene. But somehow that observation lacks the impact of Pat's remark to me that she burned three pairs of shoes rather than try to remove the human excrement that always clung to them after she had passed through that important transportation terminal.

Give me Bora Bora.

2. *The prudential reasons.* We are all different, and one of my idiosyncrasies is that I don't get along well with pushy, officious government employees—anywhere. I can get into a fight just trying to buy a roll of stamps at my local post office. And I am deeply unsure of my ability to remain silent if some guide tried to stuff down my throat that guff about "Our pay is enough for an apartment or a house, and we use the rest for clothes and TV." As for officials, I am under no illusion that I loom very large on Comrade Andropov's Enemies List, but I would probably get into a Wagnerian confrontation with some bull dyke of a customs inspector or hotel concierge and wind up spending two or three aggravating weeks, not among the world-renowned horrors of the Lubyanka, but in some poorly heated suburban poky where the standard fare is wormy black bread and thin cabbage soup. Why risk it?

3. *The doctrinal reasons.* Every conservative is entitled to fight Communism in his own way, and I do not for an instant criticize those—by now including just about every friend I have—who, for whatever reason, have visited Russia or China. For me to do so, however, would be psychologically impossible. In a deeply personal sense I am at war with Communism, and I would no more think of traipsing gaily around Moscow today than, if such a thing had somehow been possible, I would have taken a winter vacation in the Bavarian Alps in the depths of World War II. At bottom, I find in myself a profound resistance to the idea of submitting, however temporarily and for however commendable a reason, to a Communist political jurisdiction. I would have reservations about telling Teng Hsiao-p'ing the correct Eastern Standard Time. To ask *him* for permission to walk on a portion of God's earth that he happens to control at the moment is simply more than I could bear.

Not for me, then, the alleged delights of an excursion into the Communist world. Years ago Alex Atkinson wrote a series of clever pieces for *Punch*, illustrated by Ronald Searle and entitled "By Rocking Chair across America." The cream of the jest was that Atkinson had never been to America, and his detailed description of this country—a superb caricature, always just erroneous or exaggerated enough to be amusing—was utterly hilarious. Someday, I would like to do an article like that about a (purely imaginary) visit to Moscow or Peking. I can see the moon gleaming on the Moskva River as our Tupolev airliner wings in to land at Sherreme-

(Continues on page 513)

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Abroad

Managua *Looking East*

Nicaragua has just concluded a $140-million trade agreement with Bulgaria to finance industrial and agricultural projects, a deal that powerfully boosts Nicaraguan trade with the Eastern bloc. The money will be used to buy machinery and equipment to build, among other things, a deep-water port on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. Trade between Nicaragua and Eastern Europe was almost nonexistent until the Sandinista revolution in 1979. At first, East Germany was the leading trading partner, to the tune of about $20 million a year. Then last May a bilateral agreement worth $2 billion was signed with the Soviet Union—half for machinery credits and the rest for telecommunication, health, and hydroelectric projects. An important feature of these deals is their financing. Like most underdeveloped countries, Nicaragua has a big foreign-trade deficit, in this case an annual $400 million, and those governments that offer credit find the Nicaraguans most responsive.

Paris *Retro Feminism*

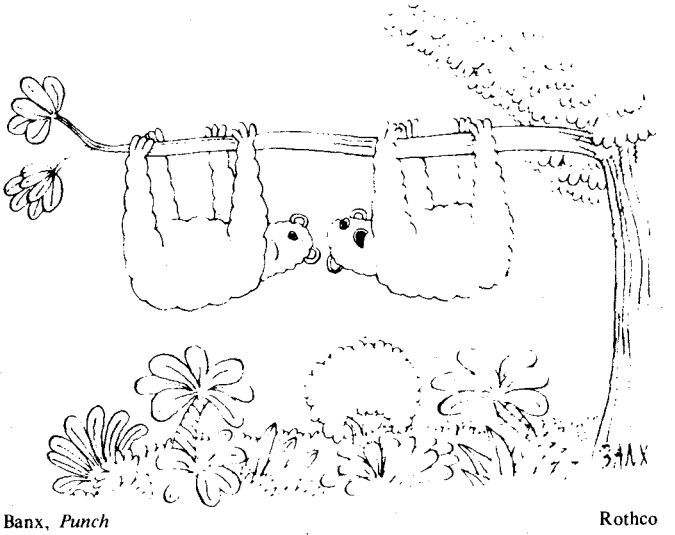
Simone de Beauvoir at 75 remains a landmark in the history of twentieth century feminism. Interviewed the other day as to whether the public does not perceive the women's movement as having flagged since its successes of the last decade, she commented: "No, it is less brilliant, less scandalous, because the 1970s were when the explosions occurred, but I don't think the movement is either dead or decrepit. Perhaps in the United States, but not in France. Over there, I believe there has been a terrible retrogression, not only because of Reagan, but because of the new feminism. Women are now being asked to abandon the fight and to return to the traditional values of the difference between men and women; to the vocation of the woman; of the wife or the mother; of devotion and so on. The new American feminism is very dangerous, for it is a return to the *éternel féminin*."

Naples *Eruption*

In a scene reminiscent of *The Godfather*, Valentino Gionta, one of the chieftains of the Camorra, the Neapolitan version of the Mafia, prepared a banquet in honor of the First Communion of his two children. A stylish country restaurant at the foot of Mount Vesuvius was booked; five hundred guests were invited; dancing was to last until dawn. On the appointed day, limousines duly arrived with his guests and their bodyguards, who discreetly concealed their pistols and submachine guns under the folds of the tablecloths. The band struck up, and the company settled down to a sumptuous meal. Gionta, who is the brains of an extortion racket, was most anxious to impress his Camorra rivals with this display of wealth and power. But the police, in the form of a strong force of carabinieri and plainclothes detectives, had decided the party would be an ideal moment to seize long-wanted suspects for illegal possession of firearms. Bursting through the ranks of the orchestra, the lawmen swooped down on the guests. As platters of antipasto went flying—the meal had only just begun—the bodyguards jumped out the windows and otherwise fled for cover. Gionta was among the first to be arrested and charged with "abusive possession of warlike weapons." The haul particularly interested in Neapolitan police ballistic experts, who plan to see how many of the weapons can be matched up with unsolved crimes.

Portsmouth *Final Ecumenism*

One of the unforeseen problems attendant on the raising of the *Mary Rose*, the Tudor warship that sank in Portsmouth harbor more than four hundred years ago with all hands aboard, is the burial of the two hundred or more sailors who perished on that first sortie against the French fleet. Where should they be laid to rest and how? They cannot simply be committed to the sea where they had drowned, because the water is too shallow and their shrouds might catch in the propellers of harbor shipping. A suitable site is being sought on land, possibly an old castle overlooking the harbor. Even more vexing is the nature of the funeral rite, which presents a nice ecumenical puzzle. When the ship sank in 1545, King Henry VIII had long since broken with the Pope and declared himself head of the Church of England, so the sailors in his service would have been considered Anglicans. But Henry desired to keep the Roman liturgy unchanged, his quarrel being political and not doctrinal, and therefore the burial service of the *Mary Rose*'s crew will be in the Latin of the Old Sarum rite, the version of the Roman liturgy then used in England. However, since there had been a beginning of vernacular translation—an English Lord's Prayer and a portion of the Litany were extant in 1545—there will be some English elements in the service, according to the Very Reverend David Stancliffe, Provost of Portsmouth Cathedral. "The lessons will be read in English and the bidding prayer and the Lord's Prayer," he explained, "but the Ordinary of the Mass will be in Latin together with the proper anthems," set to sixteenth century music. The committal will be taken from the modern English prayer book. The Provost added that the service, to be attended by Roman Catholics, represents "an invitation to reconciliation which would have hardly seemed conceivable in Henry's time."



Banx, *Punch* Rothco

"There must be more to life than just avoiding herpes."

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Stinging the NCC

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

RECENTLY THE President of France invited Susan Sontag, among other eminences, to bask in the sunshine of Socialist homage to intellectuals. This was the same Susan Sontag who told astonished intellectuals in Manhattan last year that any reader of *Reader's Digest* this past generation had learned more about Communism than all those intellectuals who had made a vocation out of anti-anti-Communism.

Miss Sontag's point became germane recently when the distinguished investigative journalist Rael Jean Isaac reported in the *Reader's Digest* on assistance the National Council of Churches has been giving, perhaps inadvertently, to international socialism. Subsequently, CBS's *60 Minutes*, in an independent study, reached similar conclusions.

Naturally, these sober critiques set the hive at the NCC buzzing and left left-wing churchmen agape. For years, the Left believed it owned CBS and other prestigious media. CBS might attack the Moral Majority, General Westmoreland, the Pentagon, utility companies in Illinois, nuclear power plants in Pennsylvania, and other right-wing targets. The media *never* attacked extremists on the Left. The Left felt betrayed.

In their sense of betrayal, moreover, some of these left-wing churchmen simply changed the subject. They did not deny what they had been doing. Instead, they attacked the motives and persons of their critics. They assumed —nay, boasted of—their own righteousness. They said their critics were "opposed to the poor."

In short, they tacitly conceded that they are guilty of supporting the African National Congress, of funding re-education camps in Vietnam, of assisting the Palestine Liberation Organization, of preferring socialist methods of economic activity to the activity of free corporations, and of a long list of other fundamental choices in political economy. Only, they insisted, their motives are pure, their intentions Christian, their virtue unassailable. It is their critics who are evil.

Self-righteousness is the most astonishing point. For it was open to the National Council of Churches—as to their defenders at *Christianity and Crisis*, *The Christian Century*, and the *National Catholic Reporter*—to admit that some bad mistakes had been made (denial against overwhelming evidence being pointless), but to assert that, after all, proportionately few funds had gone astray, and that, granted a firm purpose of amendment, the Christian thing would be to forgive. Little such humility was shown, although James Wall, the editor of *Christian Century*, bravely suggested it.

INSTEAD, we are instructed to believe that helping the Left helps the poor, and that any attack on the Left is an attack on the poor. We are told that *Reader's Digest* and *60 Minutes* care so little for the truth that they pay their legions of lawyers in vain, and that the evidence that these two redoubtable institutions independently amassed does not say what it says. A little over a decade ago, after all, *Reader's Digest* was sued by church groups, and just months ago CBS was sued by General Westmoreland. One has to be Pollyanna to believe that lawyers have not, this time, examined everything thrice.

NCC officials and their defenders have been trying to shuck off self-criticism by blaming their woes on the Institute for Religion and Democracy (on whose board I serve). They have not been above tactics like false accusations about "South African money" and "CIA." They try to portray the IRD (a collection of laborites and Democrats as well as Republicans) as "right-wing." Robert McAfee Brown advises Morley Safer and Mike Wallace that they are "naïve" and "got conned" by "a tiny unrepresentative group of dissidents," as if CBS did not do its own exhaustive, independent homework.

The pattern of these accusations is fascinating, especially when one knows how wild and untruthful they are. The argument between the "tiny" IRD and the massive NCC is about substance. The NCC's charges against the IRD, however false, are entirely political. This in itself suggests political passion. Friends of the NCC seem to regard "right-wing" as an assertion of immorality and irreligion, the worst thing one can call another. And they use the charge profligately, as if there were no center. Does the American eagle of the NCC have only one wing, the left one? That would seem awfully partisan.

Claire Randall has even said that the tiny IRD is out "to do in" the NCC. This would be preposterous, if true, and in fact lacks all truth. The IRD would like to see the NCC flourish in the Lord's work, hire a staff of many political persuasions, produce study guides and projects representative of multiple political points of view, be accountable to all Christians of whatever political conviction, and invite more lively internal dissent. The IRD would like the NCC to support liberty of conscience everywhere on this planet, open freedom of association, and democratic governance (the most sure social defense of human rights). The IRD wants the NCC to prosper and to grow, beyond its present narrow partisan activities. The individuals in the NCC seem better than the current practice.

The lesson to be learned from the Gospels after the tumultuous activity at the NCC these last weeks is probably that of reform: *Ecclesia semper reformanda*. Accordingly, the NCC should be humble, confess its sins, repent, and sin no more.

The lesson I myself would advise is probably a little less evangelical, even *pre*-evangelical: Boys and girls of the Left, grow up. No one at the NCC was heard to complain when Oral Roberts was skewered, when the Pentagon was hung out to dry, or when major corporations were humiliated by Mike, Morley, Ed, and Harry. This is the way it is in the big world. Still, the crowd around the NCC didn't have its feelings hurt until its own ox was gored. Maybe now they know what it feels like to be held accountable to the public, to have their internal judgments second-guessed, their motives doubted, and their activities unsympathetically scrutinized. Welcome to the big world. □

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Death Ray

The Truth about the Neutron Bomb
By Sam Cohen
Morrow, 226 pp., $12.50

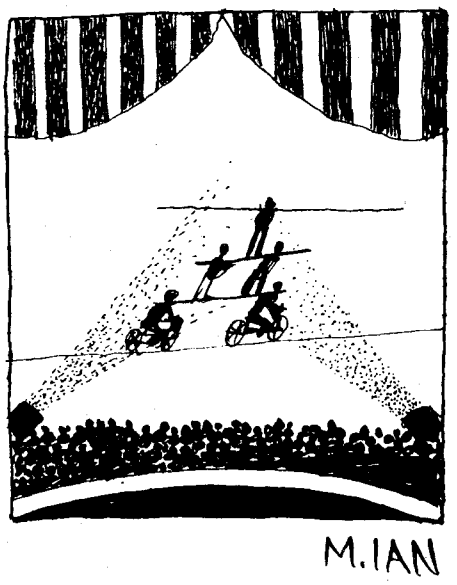
KEVIN LYNCH

Sam Cohen didn't invent anti-tank weapons—which shower enemy tank crews with high-velocity fragments; he didn't invent high-velocity ammunition—which mutilates its victims; he didn't invent concussion weapons—which collapse lungs and rupture vital organs; he didn't invent napalm—which burns a body beyond recognition. No, he invented the neutron bomb—which, unlike any of the above, has never been used in war. *The Truth about the Neutron Bomb* is Cohen's own history of the dreaded bomb that, 25 years after its invention, has yet to burn, collapse, rupture, or mutilate anybody.

From the beginning, Cohen was at the center of things. In 1944, the young Army draftee with an aptitude for physics found himself assigned to Los Alamos, site of the Manhattan Project; he was there when Los Alamos director Robert Oppenheimer announced, to the jubilation of all the scientists, that one of their "units" had successfully performed its mission over Hiroshima. By 1951 Cohen was out of the Army, but as a weapons analyst he was sent by the Army on a tour of Korea. It was this trip that convinced Cohen of the vital role tactical nuclear weapons could play in war. Despite hundreds of bombing sorties, allied pilots were unable to knock out the bridge over the Han River and were thus unable to prevent the North Korean attack on Seoul. An atomic bomb, Cohen realized, would have destroyed the bridge—but would also have destroyed most of Seoul. What was needed was a weapon powerful enough to destroy the bridge and discriminate enough to leave Seoul—and its citizens—standing. In 1951 no such weapon existed.

By the mid-Fifties, scientists had come up with a fission-based tactical nuclear weapon (though its warhead had a yield many times more powerful than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima). But the major breakthrough came with the development of fusion technology. Since Cohen had devoted most of his research at Los Alamos to the study of how neutrons would react in an atomic bomb, it's not surprising that he was drawn to this new technology that created radiation in the form of neutrons.

In 1958, while working at the Livermore weapons laboratory in California, Cohen applied the principles of fusion technology to nuclear explosives. The result was a weapon entirely different from existing battlefield weapons, conventional or nuclear. "What appeared realistically at hand," Cohen writes, "was a battlefield weapon that could be used like the legendary Death Ray." Unlike the first generation of atomic bombs—fission bombs that did most of their damage with blast and heat—the neutron bomb, like the hydrogen bomb, produced minimal blast and heat and prodigious amounts of lethal radiation. Thus was born the "capitalist bomb" that killed people and spared buildings. But for all his calculations, Cohen had neglected to calculate the effect the bomb would have on the Washington establishment.



When he went to the Pentagon to brief the services, the Air Force was immediately and implacably hostile. Instead of small, discriminate bombs, the Air Force favored big bombs, the kind carried by the Air Force's Strategic Air Command. General Curtis LeMay wasn't kidding when he told Cohen that his ultimate requirement was "a bomb that could destroy all of Russia."

THOUGH THE neutron had its supporters—the Navy in the Pentagon and Senator Thomas Dodd on Capitol Hill—by the time they were able to overcome the obstacles placed in their way by the Air Force, the neutron's moment had passed. McNamara's whiz kids had invaded the Pentagon, and the nation began worshipping at the altar of Mutual Assured Destruction, a policy that left little place for tactical nuclear weapons.

Cohen contented himself with working in other areas, coming up with more socially unacceptable inventions. During the Vietnam War he devised a method of spotting guerrillas as they tried to infiltrate villages at night, but the procedure relied on nuclear technology and was therefore taboo. Then, in 1977, the neutron bomb suddenly came back to life. President Carter announced his de-

Kevin Lynch *is Articles Editor for* NR. . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn**'*s new book is* The Air-Line to Seattle.

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cision to add neutron bombs to the NATO arsenal.

Europe erupted. Forty thousand Dutchmen marched in the streets of Amsterdam protesting the bomb. Egon Bahr, a leader of West Germany's Social Democratic Party, said development of the bomb proved that "mankind is about to go mad." In due course, Mr. Carter began to waver and finally caved in all the way. Sam Cohen's bomb was dead, for the second time.

Though Cohen could never be accused of being on good terms with the American defense establishment, it was after this second time around that he and the establishment permanently parted company. Not once during the campaign against the bomb did our government choose to refute any of the hysterical charges leveled against it, although much information about the real effects of the bomb was readily available. For example, it is curious that the Europeans never go on parade against the tactical nuclear weapons currently in the NATO stockpile. These fission-based weapons, in addition to demolishing buildings, would shower radioactivity on areas far beyond the battlefield. But the neutron bomb, when exploded at 2,500 to 3,000 feet—the level at which it would be most effective—showers its target area with radiation but no radioactivity. Thus, this "capitalist bomb," aside from sparing buildings, also spares noncombatants, be they capitalists or Communists.

But Cohen, as his book makes clear, is disturbed by far more than the political timidity of the defense establishment. He believes American policymakers, from the Kennedy Administration to the Reagan Administration, have failed to adapt their policies to the enormous changes wrought by the nuclear age.

In a non-nuclear world, American participation in NATO would be a noble example of the human and financial sacrifices this country is willing to make for its European allies, even if the allies seem hardly willing to make sacrifices for themselves. But when nuclear weapons enter into the equation, the NATO alliance takes on a drastically different appearance. What once was a pact of friendship comes to resemble a suicide pact.

Should a conventional war start in Europe and should NATO forces begin to lose, as is most likely given the Warsaw Pact's predominance in conventional weapons, the U.S. has always promised to unleash its nuclear weapons. This nuclear saber-rattling was fine in the days when the Soviets didn't have any sabers. But now, in the event of war in Europe, it is highly probable that the Soviets will first try to take out the NATO country capable of inflicting the most damage on them: the United States. We have this from such impeccable sources as the military doctrine of the Soviet Union and, most impeccable of all, Henry Kissinger. If the Soviets "have not lost their senses," says Kissinger, "they almost have to use nuclear weapons first."

In the final portion of his book, Cohen elaborates how he would like the United States to accommodate its policies to the nuclear age. He would scrap Secretary of Defense Weinberger's emphasis on conventional forces and concentrate on protecting America against the war that would do it irreparable damage. He would withdraw American forces from Europe, after first permitting our allies to acquire the nuclear wherewithal to defend themselves—if they want it. Right now the Europeans blithely accept the 300,000 American soldiers stationed in Europe, but they spurn neutron bombs, Pershing IIs, and cruise missiles, weapons that would, if properly deployed, give these soldiers a far more effective means of defending themselves and the Europeans.

Turning his attention to protecting America, Cohen would abandon MX and in its place deploy smaller, highly mobile missiles that would stand an infinitely greater chance of eluding Soviet ICBMs. Finaliy, and perhaps most unfashionably, Cohen would resuscitate America's scandalously neglected civil-defense program. Though it has long been derided by the anti-defense establishment, civil defense can make one powerful claim: it would save millions of lives in the event of nuclear war. Other countries understand this. The Soviet Union spends more than $4 per capita on civil defense and Switzerland spends $11, while the United States spends 50¢ (about 12¢ when the money budgeted for natural disaster relief is excluded). Should a nuclear war ever take place, Americans will be reduced to holding a copy of *The Fate of the Earth* over their heads. They will die, but they will die uplifted.

The Truth about the Neutron Bomb reveals worlds more than the truth about the neutron bomb. Its author seeks to ensure that America—its buildings, its freedoms, its citizens—will survive the awesome horrors of the nuclear age. □

Koestler: A Biography
By Iain Hamilton
Macmillan, 398 pp., $19.95

DEATH WISH

KENNETH S. LYNN

On the whole, *Koestler: A Biography* is a derivative and careless book which does not deserve the critical praise that has been lavished upon it, but in one respect at least it is a marvelously satisfactory account. The biographer, Iain Hamilton, who is an intelligent political commentator in his own right, makes it clear that in the late 1940s and early 1950s no writer in the world had a deeper understanding of the malevolence of the Soviet Union's leadership, or of the naïveté of American liberals and European leftists, than Arthur Koestler. So profound, indeed, was Koestler's comprehension of these things that his analyses of them have never dated. Speeches and essays of thirty years ago apply with undiminished power to the politics of the 1980s.

At the heart of Koestler's best writing in the postwar period lay his determination to mobilize an intellectual resistance to the "peace" campaigns that were then being mounted by various Cominform fronts and that were having a considerable impact on opinion-making communities on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most memorable of his brilliant and courageous polemics was the manifesto he presented in Berlin in June 1950 to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, in whose formation he had played an outstanding role. Koestler told the Congress:

> In the past, it was always "the Left" who protested loudest against tyranny, injustice, and infringements of human rights. The

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failure of European "leftists" and American liberals to lead the fight against the worst regime of terror and despotism in human history [i.e., the Soviet Union] created a strategic vacuum on the ideological battlefield. This vacuum was filled by the Christian Democrats in Italy, the Gaullists in France, Senator McCarthy and his associates in the U.S.A. McCarthyism represents the wages of the American liberal's sins. If today everywhere in the world the parties who claim to represent the "moderate Left" are beaten or in retreat, it is because they were found wanting in the most crucial issue of our time.

Europe has developed a political climate in which words are no longer taken seriously. The ideological chaos created a semantic inflation and a semantic black market where words are traded at a meaning-value entirely different from their official quotation: where war is prepared by peace petitions, police states are labeled popular democracies, and "Leftism" means benevolent neutrality toward despotism.

Koestler's extraordinarily intense and varied political activities in these years were carried out in the midst of a personal chaos. Horrendous drinking bouts, meaningless sexual encounters, ferocious quarrels with friends, sleepless nights, fearful hangovers, waves of guilt, and fits of "depression rock-bottom" defined the manic-depressive cycle of his days. The most spectacular of his mood swings, however, occurred in his public life. In the mid-Fifties, Koestler gave up politics. Thenceforward, he proposed to keep silent about the questions that had obsessed him for the best part of a quarter-century. "The bitter passion has burnt itself out," Koestler announced; "Cassandra has gone hoarse, and is due for a vocational change."

MR. HAMILTON ascribes Koestler's startling abandonment of the work that had made him famous to an overwhelming disgust with the frivolity and helplessness of Western intellectuals in the face of the totalitarian adversary. The explanation is good as far as it goes, but it barely scratches the surface of Koestler's tortured psyche.

As a child in Budapest and Vienna, Koestler had been desperately lonely and unhappy. His parents were so caught up in quarreling with one another that they virtually ignored their son. He was left in the care of a series of unpleasant governesses, and of a parlormaid named Bertha, who revenged herself on a life she hated by being endlessly cruel to Arthur. Boarding school was equally hellish. He was not only disliked by his fellow students because of his nervous manner, but was mocked by them for being "the shortest boy but one in the class, and that one happened to be a dwarf." Only in his concentrated study of science and mathematics was he able to find some semblance of happiness.

Yet as Koestler acknowledges in one of several autobiographical portraits, this undersized, rejected, compulsively studious boy had a "lust for power." Wherefore as a student at the University of Vienna he at once joined a Zionist dueling fraternity and plunged headlong into its manhood-proving rituals of drinking, fencing, womanizing, and brawling. Two years later, his reputation for manliness won him not only the presidency of his fraternity, but the chairmanship of the convention to which all 12 of the Zionist fraternities in the university had sent delegates.

In the very moment of his triumph, however, Koestler was confronted with the shocking disparity between his dream of power and his ability to exercise it. Sitting on a park bench on a spring morning in 1924, he opened a pamphlet that described the latest anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem. Arabs by the hundreds had run amuck, butchering Jewish children with their swords and blinding and castrating Jewish men. The British administration in the Holy City had refused to allow the Jews to arm themselves in self-defense. As he finished reading, Koestler later recalled, he felt himself choking with helpless anger. The Jews in Jerusalem were in mortal danger, but the Zionist fraternity president in Vienna could do nothing to save them. Scarcely able to abide his impotent fury, he put down the pamphlet and picked up a book—an introduction to Albert Einstein's theory of relativity. His eyes fell on a phrase that would remain with him for the rest of his life:

> It said that the theory of General Relativity led the human imagination "across the peaks of glaciers never before explored by any human being." This cliché had an unexpectedly strong effect. I saw Einstein's world-shaking formula—Energy equals Mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light—hovering in a kind of rarefied haze over the glaciers, and this image carried a sensation of infinite tranquillity and peace. The martyred infants and castrated pioneers of the Holy Land shrank to microscopic insignificance. . . .

An assimilated Jew for whom the consolations of traditional religion were no longer a live option, the young Koestler was nevertheless able to transcend his sense of earthly powerlessness by surrendering his mind to a mystical vision of infinity. In recounting this episode, Koestler displayed a great deal of self-knowledge. But what he failed to make clear was that the image of the glaciers

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: *Tennessee Williams: An Intimate Biography* (Arbor, $16.95), by Dakin Williams and Shepherd Mead, is certainly not going to be the authoritative biography of the late playwright. (Dakin Williams is the younger brother of Tennessee; Shepherd Mead is the author of *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*.) . . . Anne Edwards's *Road to Tara: The Life of Margaret Mitchell* (Ticknor & Fields, $15.95) is not a bad treatment of the life of the author of *Gone with the Wind*, although it rates its subject way too high in the literary pantheon.

Joyce Carol Oates's *The Profane Art: Essays and Reviews* (Dutton, $13.95) is strictly for admirers only. . . . *Bartleby in Manhattan: And other Essays* (Random House, $13.95) by Elizabeth Hardwick is a collection of essays on literary and social matters, most of which appeared originally in *The New York Review of Books*. . . . Anthony Powell's *The Strangers All Are Gone: The Memoirs of Anthony Powell, Vol. IV* (Holt, Rinehart, $18.50) completes the English novelist's "album of odds and ends."

The Diary of James C. Hagerty: Eisenhower in Mid-Course, 1954-1955 (Indiana, $17.50), edited by Robert H. Ferrell, consists of the much-abbreviated record maintained for only two years by the first presidential press secretary to serve during the age of television.

■ COMING IN MAY: *My Russia* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $19.95), by Peter Ustinov, suggests that most of the folks behind the Iron Curtain don't care about censorship and that the Kremlin has done its level best to preserve national identities by means of Russification programs. And that's just for starters. . . . W. Bruce Lincoln's *In War's Dark Shadow: The Russians before the Great War* (Dial, $19.95) looks to be an interesting account of the explosive tensions that were gathering in Imperial Russia between 1891 and 1914.

—CW

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that had soothed his soul was suffused with the lure of death.

In the mid-Fifties, Koestler gave up politics because he was once again overcome with a sense of his inability to subdue the evil forces at work in the world. Thereafter, he explored the irrational origins of scientific discovery, investigated the consequences of taking hallucinogenic drugs, campaigned against capital punishment, and wrote an essay on suicide called "A Guide to Self-Deliverance." The causes were varied, but the lure of death was inherent in them all. □

Son of the Revolution
By Liang Heng and Judith Shapiro
Knopf, 301 pp., $15

A LIFE

D. KEITH MANO

This book, this storm center of a book, will drive rungs into your neck. And climb your skull up from there. It invaded me: inhuman wave after inhuman wave. China between Great Leap Forward and Cultural Revolution was Cape Fear, a wild jam session of madness and soul-sucking violence. And through it all one typical child wandered—in starvation, in internal exile, in political ecstasy, in persecution, in fierce Mao love—until young Liang Heng met an American Jewish girl and came to New York. Butterfield included, you won't read a more brilliant, available, *transfixing* account of life in modern China.

But for the fact that he grew to be six foot one and could hookshoot basketballs, Liang Heng was commonplace enough. Born in Changsha, a middling Middle Kingdom city. Father and mother were both dedicated Communist cadres: the former wrote for the *Hunan Daily*, the latter was a state police official. And yet this normal childhood seems aberrant, even warped, to any Western reader. Because, in China, Communism titillates: dialectical materialism can inflame the G spot. Communism was/is to Chinese children (and adults) what punk rock and coke and slam dancing are to some of us. Understand: it is social passion first, not political. To be separated from the Party's love is to be, well, made Puerto Rican or black at a Mormon wedding. You can overcome it, sure: you can hang-glide in a full body cast, too.

Let me select from this child's garden of the perverse. 1) Age four: Liang Heng and family must repudiate his mother, who has made an innocent "rightist" remark. They are relieved to do so. 2) Age seven: swollen from dropsy during grim famine. 3) Age twelve: Liang Heng must repudiate his father, who has been framed as a Capitalist Roader. 4) Still twelve: he will go on the "New Long March" and almost die along with several hundred thousand other young Mao imitators. 5) Still twelve: leaves for Peking, at considerable risk, to see Chairman Mao. 6) Still age *twelve* and a Red Guard: he becomes jailer for famous pianist Liu Shih-kun, who will soon be humiliated in public. Twelve. There is a grotesque precocity here.

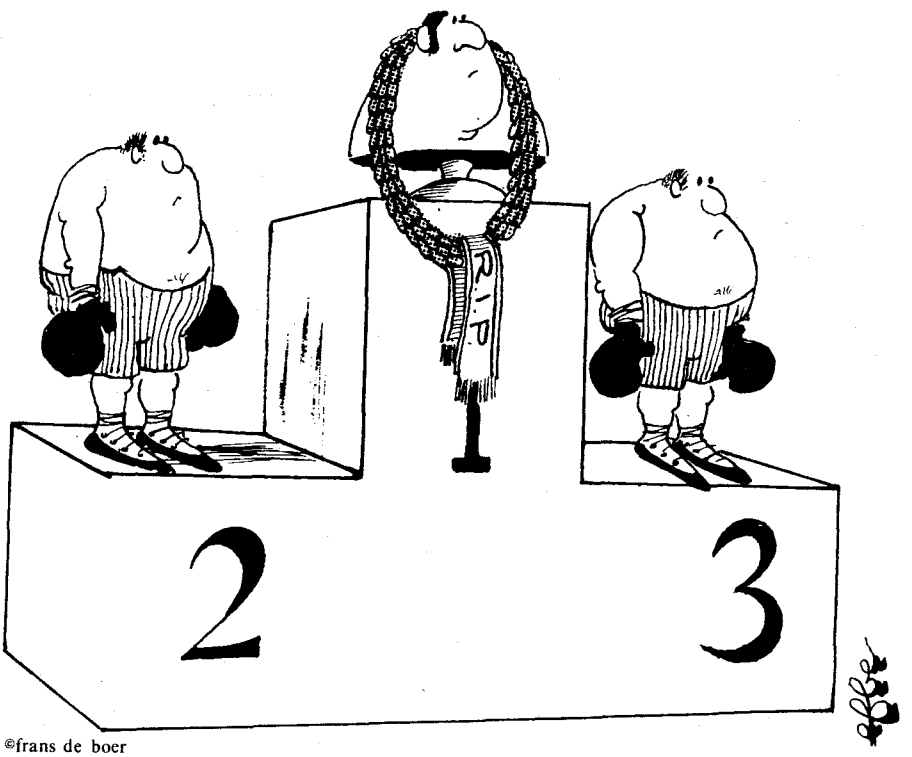
By then the Cultural Revolution had left China looking like endless hacked chicken. In Changsha, within feet of Liang Heng, rival leftist groups machine-gun and disembowel each other. His close neighbor, a top Red Guard, will disappear. Liang Heng is sent to the countryside (as most "educated children" were) so that he can lecture peasants on Marxism and, at his leisure, starve. Yet, throughout, Liang Heng doesn't recriminate. The present consciousness of his narrative is kept pretty much intact: hindsight doesn't distort. His young love for Mao and for social acceptability has been preserved. There are almost no polemics in the book. It is, simply, a life. And more brain-jarring because of that.

Except for one poignant moment. Abandoned at 14 in Changsha, Liang Heng began running with outlaw street gangs. They alone sympathize: and they overlook his "bad" political background. Liang Heng will permit himself a reflection:

> Although they were miserably poor and their lives motiveless, they were truly free. In some way they were beyond political life. Of course, they were occasionally arrested for conducting their illegal businesses or disturbing the peace, but as long as they didn't break any major law, they could curse the police, swear, complain, and speak their minds without repercussion.

Through this you understand an essential, if under-reported, aspect of Communism. That it is, much more than capitalism, viciously competitive. Those who have left the social contest are free from it. But anyone who lusts after approval or advancement (and you must lust—Communist *acedia* is cause for suspicion) has to outperform his neighbor. Since performance will be judged not on work or talent but on some shifting standard of ideological pureness, libel and denunciation are inevitable. Talk about the profit motive. China has become a free market for calumny.

And denunciation extends to the



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psyche itself: left lobe, you might say, in a price war with right lobe. No feature of recent China is more gruesome than the everlasting self-criticism. Liang Heng's father will write night after night, month after month, to catalogue his non-existent Capitalist Road guilt. Self-criticism is a device more brilliant, in the history of human psychological manipulation, than confession and analysis put together. All objective judgment has been lost: and citizenship turns into a durable sort of state-supplied neurosis.

Now Liang Heng is doing grad work at Columbia—sprung from China by basketball and his one in 500 million marriage there to Judith Shapiro, who has written for him in unadorned clear diction, rather as swimmers shave their chest and leg hair off to move more slickly through water. This book is a colossal break for Western understanding. It will hit you with the kick of electric shock batons. □

Gender: The Myth of Equality
By James C. Neely, MD
Simon & Schuster, 322 pp., $13.95

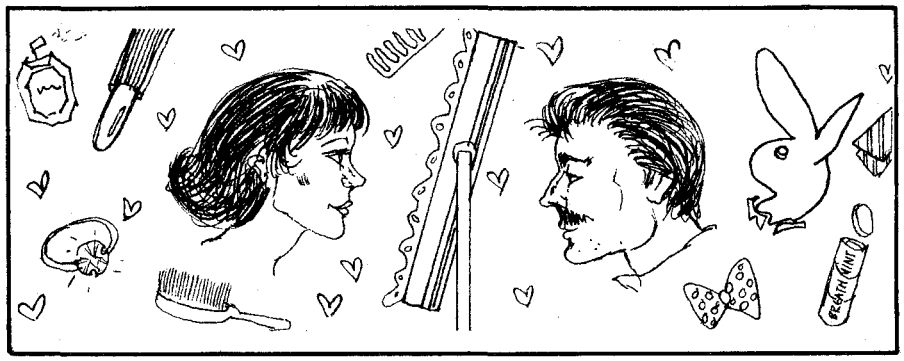
THE JOY OF GENDER

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The title doesn't really fit this book. *Gender: The Myth of Equality* sounds like a polemic against feminism, and that's not the point. The real point is the *irrelevance* of equality to the relations between men and women.

But even that is misleading. *Gender* has no simple thesis; it has a thousand propositions, genially advanced, with no strict order or purpose among them except to invite the reader to come along for the ride. It reminds me of a sort of book they don't write much any more, like *Religio Medici* or *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, in which an author with a well-stocked brain and a gift for rich, relaxed prose tells you what he thinks about whatever comes to mind.

James C. Neely is a doctor, like Thomas Browne, and he bombards you, in a leisurely way, with professional lore, personal experience, jokes, anecdotes, quips, snatches of poetry, speculations, proverbs, statistics, legends, moody thoughts. The tone is unfailingly friendly and charming.



He really does tell you everything you ever wanted to know about sex, without smirking about it. The way he goes at the subject, there is no need to smirk. Not that he loves sex less, but that he loves women more; and he knows that the way to enjoy both is monogamously. He presents this fact less as a doctrine than as the fruit of a life of study, observation, and feeling. He dislikes impersonal sex because he knows there are no impersonal persons.

Gender is really about personality. Age and sex differentiae are supposed to be ignored nowadays, though nobody can possibly ignore them. Instead, Neely calmly ignores the new taboos. He is extraordinarily perceptive about the impact of age and sex on human beings, who are seldom without either. Little boys have one kind of temperament; or, better, a specific range of temperaments. So do young women, middle-aged men, older men, old women. Biology may not be destiny, but it's mixed up in it pretty seriously.

When Dr. Neely's wife told him it was time he started seeing women for what they really are, he savored the phrase:

> Seeing women for what they really are. Is this what a middle-aged man is supposed to do? Does a woman get all dressed up and decked out for him so he can see her for what she really is? Does she entice him with balm and perfume so as not really to entice him, but to allow him to see her undistracted for what she really is? Do all the models in all the magazines, all the fashions, the lingerie, the cosmetics, the whole process of being beautiful have nothing to do with pleasing a me? Do women indulge these things only to make themselves feel better, without a thought to him?

Ah, presence of mind. Neely notices details and takes them seriously. Most people pass by perplexing things and so neglect nature's clues to her purposes. Neely sees how our actual behavior gives the lie to conventional fictions about sex and the sexes. We are rarely very far from preening, courting, mating; and, to an eye like his, our unacknowledged instincts are forever betraying themselves.

> Inescapable gestures may accompany human encounters; a hand placed on an out-thrust hip, a finger brushed casually toward the genitals, a woman thrusting her bust into prominence, a man cocking his head to one side, a woman in a laid-back pose, a man giving the benefit of his tight-pants membership for all to view. A woman will remove her coat as if unveiling, a man will thrust his vest out with pride. Some claim women in a courtship situation tighten their abdominal muscles, straighten their backs, lift up their heads, and shift to a more confident stride. . . . Men check their zippers and adjust their tie and pat their hair into place.

Yes, one recognizes it all. And yet Neely doesn't draw from this symphony of sexual hinting the cheap moral that we should all abandon ourselves to passion. Restraint, after all, is as natural as release. Nature's rhythms are more complex than are dreamt of in your Playboy philosophy. Neely devotes a good deal of attention to monitory observations about the damage done to the psyche by adultery, abortion, and even a too-easily compatible *amour*, since as he puts it: "High-sex-drive couples are apt to have a tiger by the tail, for they are apt to indulge sex indiscriminately before refining a relationship." Prospero says it better, but this will do.

All in all, there could hardly be a more interesting subject, nor a pleasanter, more knowledgeable man to descant on it. He tells you why the opposite sex acts that way, and why you act the other way. He can be warm and tart at the same time. They don't write this sort of book any more, but they ought to. *Gender* is a joy. □

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FILM

MERCIFUL HEAVENS, A REAL FILM!

JOHN SIMON

Tender Mercies is winning, not only in the right moves it makes but also in the false steps it unerringly avoids. It is a small-scale but splendid triumph for Bruce Beresford, the Australian filmmaker (*Breaker Morant*, etc.), who, like his colleague Fred Schepisi, was drawn to the Southwest for his first American film. But Beresford's Texas is different from any other director's, Australian or American, by being ordinary and startling, idiosyncratic and utterly believable. Horton Foote (*To Kill a Mockingbird*, etc.), who wrote the pungent screenplay, is a Texan, to be sure, but that is no guarantee of authenticity.

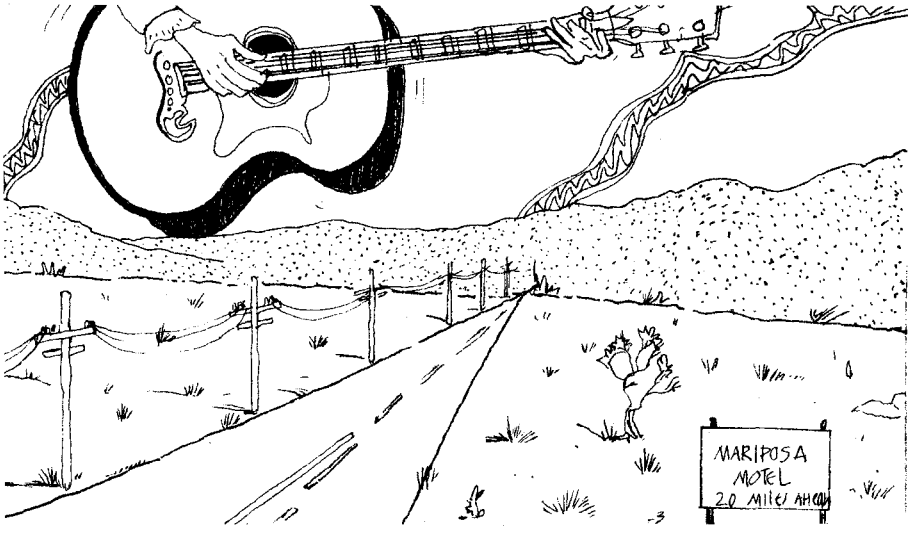
Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a former country-music star, has become a drunken bum after his marriage to Dixie Scott, another country singer, ended in an ugly divorce and he lost all rights to his daughter, Sue Anne. As the film begins, he is stranded, broke and broken, at the Mariposa Motel *cum* filling station, three tiny buildings in the middle of a desolate, steam-rollered Texas landscape. The owner, a scrappy young widow named Rosa Lee (Tess Harper), whose husband was killed in Vietnam, lives alone with her small boy, Sonny (Allan Hubbard). Mac becomes her handyman, and, slowly and laconically, a nexus develops between the abandoned man and the lonely woman and child. Eventually, the no longer boozing Mac, in an emotionally strangulated manner, proposes marriage, and Rosa Lee, just as understatedly, accepts.

The film moves ahead somewhat elliptically through small, well-paced incidents. Dixie, who still sings Mac's songs, which have made her rich, though she hates their author, is appearing at the Austin Opry; Mac, who has picked up his guitar again, tries to interest her and her manager-lover, Harry, in a new song, but she furiously chases him away. Mac goes off on what may be a binge, and Rosa Lee worries stoically, but he returns sober. Meanwhile a group of young country musicians tracks down Mac despite his stringent retirement, first seeking his advice, then coaxing him into performing and recording his new songs with them. He may be on the verge of renewed success when tragedy strikes: Sue Anne, who has sought him out in spite of her mother, with faintly promising results (though he strictly avoided any incipient emotions), elopes with one of her mother's drunken musicians and, through his fault, is killed in a crash. Dixie seems to go to pieces, but Mac carries on, however grimly; while hoeing the vegetable garden, he asks the mutely empathic Rosa Lee why things happen the way they do, and concludes: "You see, I don't trust happiness. I never did, I never will." But, later, as Mac and Sonny toss a new football at each other, and Rosa Lee watches from the house with inchoate hopefulness, a guarded optimism is in order.

You may ask how such a plot can hold much interest, and why I gave away what little of it there is. In fact, the plot is almost incidental, though neither hackneyed nor incredible; the telling of it—through direction, acting, and photography—is everything: an everything that no review can capture, let alone spoil, and that impresses itself on you instantly and indelibly. There is so much even in the way the characters tend to be positioned, with more than the usual space in between; the way they look a little past and beyond one another; and the way they speak, unemphatically and haltingly and almost monosyllabically. This is life amid the curse and blessing of an excess of empty space; the film objectifies the vacuity and ennui seeping into the visual and aural patterns of these lives. Some visual relief comes from television, watched avidly but sometimes turned off in disgust; aural relief comes from country music, which, besides looming large in the plot, permeates the soundtrack. Simplistic as the songs may be, musically and verbally, they mediate between the people and the flat silence of the land, where the only other sound is that of cars whooshing by—an uncomforting sound that only emphasizes the elsewhereness of the world.

THE ISOLATION of the characters coagulates into emotional and conversational repression. The more citified Dixie can let her emotions, real or fake, hurtle out in song or griping garrulity; the others, though generally sincere, say less than they think and show less than they feel. There is a shyness even in much of their singing and dancing. No unequivocal explanations are suggested: is it the hard work of surviving, the temptation to run amuck in those gaping fields, or the resemblance between emotion and the devil drink that tires, tethers, or muzzles them? Or is it the strict Bible Belt religion? Still, Mac's nervous semi-laughs, Sonny's spontaneity, and Rosa Lee's evanescent smiles—sometimes expanding into the radiance of pride, love, hope—do usher in a gingerly, visiting joy.

Tender Mercies maintains an aura of honest, unforced mystery. People as constricted as these—and even Sonny, though more open, is not easily outgoing—can no more analyze than verbalize their feelings. Hence their actions are shrouded even from their own eyes in an ambiguity the viewer is challenged to grope through. When Mac and Sue Anne, after eight years of noncommunication, do not dare to touch or even



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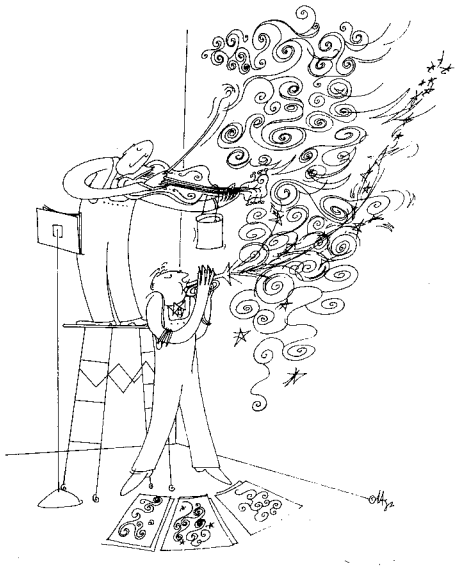
call each other by their names, she finally asks whether Mac remembers a hymn-like song, "Wings of a Dove," he used to sing to her. Mac seems genuinely unable to recall it. As she leaves and he checks the hand that started to fumble for her, he stares after her car through the window and, in a small voice, sings the song. Was he punishing her for having forgotten that he used to call her Sister? Surely not. Has he only just recalled the song? Unlikely. Did he wish to protect Dixie, who has done everything to blacken him in Sue Anne's eyes, from her daughter's leaving her for him? Very possibly: he kept defending her to the girl. Is he afraid of unleashing excessive emotion in Sue Anne? More than likely. In himself? Almost certainly.

But nothing, you see, is spelled out. When Dixie, lying between pale blue satin sheets, is sedated yet frantic about her daughter's death, is she carrying on so out of love or guilt? Mac stands at the foot of her bed, yet Harry must point out his presence to Dixie. In a childish whimper, she asks twice: "Mac, why's God done this to me?" And she smiles a crooked, infantile smile. Coquetry? Whistling in the dark? Reversion to childhood? Perhaps all three. And the selfishness: Why has God done this to *me*? Violently she tries to rush out of bed and crawl into Sue Anne's coffin, which she has had brought to her mansion; is this disgusting or pathetic? Unlike lesser works, the film does not tell you what to feel. When a woman inquires, "Mister, were you really Mac Sledge?" and the chuckling answer is "Yes, ma'am, I guess I was," *you* have to deduce the modest pride in the past, the bemused acceptance of the present.

But it is not only the power of suggestion through taciturnity that works handsomely; there is also the amazing impact of lacunae, of what the film tactfully avoids. When Mac receives the news about Sue Anne over the phone, the camera is on Rosa Lee, waiting in the car, fiddling with the radio dial in search of Mac's new record; then Mac comes out to the car, turns off the radio, and says quietly, "My daughter was killed somewhere in Louisiana. I didn't catch the name of the town." It is only the second sentence that obliquely betrays grief; the camera averts its prying eye. When Mac stands by the coffin alone, we fear that he'll sing "Wings of a Dove." But he merely says, "Little Sister." Earlier, when Mac tried to coax Rosa Lee into singing his new song with him, the stalwart choir singer refused—wouldn't even try. There is a quirky eloquence in the film's abstentions.

Religion, too, is treated with fine restraint. The dedicated faith of Rosa Lee climaxes in the astounding double immersion of Sonny and Mac: in church, but on a glassed-in stage with a painted riparian backdrop and a red, theatrical curtain. The baptism is potentially ludicrous, but Rosa Lee's transcendent smile and the quiet gravity of the others preclude, if not amusement, certainly all disrespect. Similar restraint informs relationships: Dixie's leg casually thrown over one of Harry's while she rants on about Mac tells all.



Robert Duvall proves that he can play an understatedly sympathetic character as trenchantly as he does fanatics; Tess Harper, an unknown local actress for whom Beresford had to fight, uses acting to conceal acting—magnificently; Allan Hubbard is the first totally convincing and likable American child actor in years. Betty Buckley is as brazen as she is pitiful as Dixie; Ellen Barkin heartbreakingly communicates Sue Anne's subtext; Wilford Brimley is a touchingly befuddled Harry; and the crackers in the band, so seemingly menacing when they first pull up alongside the Mariposa, are gems of bumpkinish joviality.

Beresford's camera placements and movements are as imaginative as they are inconspicuous. Consider Mac's angry departure for what may be a bender: without quitting Rosa Lee's anxious face, the camera catches hazily, at the bottom of the frame, Mac's car jerking this way and that before it careers off fearsomely. Or take Sue Anne's car nervously racing off in a long shot while, in the foreground, Sonny and Rosa Lee walk and talk constrainedly in the fields where they have come to leave father and daughter alone. So many shots contain layers of meaning. Russell Boyd's versatile cinematography is equally evocative with metallically luminescent skies and the purplish gloom of Dixie's boudoir. Beresford has served Foote's forthright script with fidelity and inventiveness; *Tender Mercies* is one of those rare films that grow with re-seeing. □

DELECTATIONS

THE RAILROAD AND RAVIOLI

NIKA HAZELTON

Whenever people ask how I got into the business of writing about food and wine, I answer truthfully: St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland; the Baltimore department stores; the now defunct Annapolis-Baltimore railroad; and various childhood memories.

Near the end of World War II, I was married to a man who was a science instructor in the Hundred Great Books curriculum at St. John's College. The idea of the Great Books program was that students should read these classics and discuss them directly rather than just reading about them and forming second-hand opinions (if indeed they formed opinions at all). This was, in theory, a liberal-arts education in the truest sense, because it trained the mind to deal with life, as opposed to the narrower background offered by more job-oriented schooling. In practice, bright students who liked to argue did well with the Great Books program, less bright ones were devastated by it, since teachers were urged to be controversial and aggressive. You might think that minds nourished by eternal verities would be serene and peaceful, but (I am writing of the faculty) this was not the case. Experts at academic infighting told me that St. John's was the bare-knuckle school of all time.

To begin with, there was a certain

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amount of coming and going among the books. The obvious ones stayed great throughout the years, but some of the lesser greats, especially in science and mathematics, fell from grace after a while—sometimes later returning to the pantheon. I have the kind of finicky mind that sticks to the letter of the law, and what bothered me was that, as far as I remember, there were always a few above or below the magic number of one hundred, though I imagine that this was not so when the original list was drawn up by Stringfellow Barr, President of St. John's College; Scott Buchanan, the Dean; and Professor Mortimer Adler of the University of Chicago—who, if I remember rightly, was the father of the idea.

What I also found surprising was the attitude taken by the whole college that they were somehow the discoverers of the great books; I had come from circles in which Plato and Dante were a regular part of one's education. In short, I was not ideally suited to be a St. John's faculty wife, especially since the salaries were miserable; though I hasten to add that I met many very interesting people and had good times galore.

At that time many women had gone to work in the munitions factories because that paid better than their previous humble jobs in shops. When I read in the paper about the saleswoman in a Baltimore department store who had managed to get by very nicely without knowing how to write a sales check (she could not write at all), I decided I too could sell at Christmas time when the stores were desperate for help. However, when I presented myself for a sales job at Hutzler's, a beautiful store, personnel decided that I should write advertising copy instead, since my credentials included a long stretch as a researcher at *Fortune*, and writing captions for *Harper's Bazaar*. I took the job, and thus I got into writing advertising copy, which sustained me and my family for many years. I have the sunniest memories of Hutzler's, Hochschild Kohn, and the Schleisner Company—all wonderfully kind employers, bless them.

Working in Baltimore meant commuting every day from Annapolis. There is now a highway and a bus service between the two cities, but in those days there was only the train. Having found the ancient but wonderfully competent Mrs. McGowen (who always wore a hat) to look after my small children, I took the train to work every day, leaving early in the morning and breakfasting at the station on a chocolate-covered doughnut and that fine Southern drink, an ammonia coke, called a dope (don't shudder, gentle reader—the ammonia was minimal but invigorating, and not the household kind). The Annapolis railroad had a reputation for being invariably late—and not just by minutes—as well as for derailing more often than a railroad should. So I had a lot of time on my hands, mornings and evenings, riding the train.

A charming French cookbook called *Clémentine in the Kitchen* by the unforgettable photographer-writer Samuel Chamberlain (whose daughter Narcisse does the fine William Morrow cookbooks now) encouraged me to think that I too could write some reminiscences of my childhood, as Mr. Chamberlain had written about his years in Burgundy. Thus, traveling to and from Baltimore, I wrote my first book, *Reminiscence and Ravioli*. It is still fun to read, but the recipes (there are none for ravioli, by the way) are pretty poor since I knew nothing about recipe writing. However, the book was well received, and it launched me on a career that combined advertising with cookbook writing until, in later years, when the need for money was no longer so urgent, I was able to devote myself full-time to writing what I wanted to write instead of kneeling as a supplicant before The Client. □

TRAVEL

MAKING TRACKS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

When we tell our French friends that our next stop is Lyon, they are stupefied. Lyon may be France's second largest city, the admitted gastronomic heart of the land, but one doesn't *go* to Lyon. We are going to Lyon, we explain, because that is the farthest south one can get at the moment (fall 1982) on France's new, modern, super-speedy TGV (*train de grande vitesse—de très grande vitesse*, some insist). An added incentive is that Bourg-en-Bresse is just a few miles north of Lyon. Bourg contains a gem of a flamboyant Gothic church, light and airy, seemingly untouched by time, in which two Burgundian princesses—two Margarets—and Philibert (le beau, but dumb), the man they loved, son to one, husband to the other, lie buried. The workmanship inside the church by Flemish, German, and Italian master stonemasons, sculptors, and woodworkers is quite simply exquisite. This we will see tomorrow.

Right now we—my sister Jane and I—are on a train platform at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. Our porter has placed our bags where he says car three of the TGV, the first-class car on which our seats are booked, will stop. Departure time is 12:15. At 12:05 the train pulls in, an eight-car vision in orange, white, and grey, the rounded nose of its locomotive hugging the ground like a setter on point. It glides to a stop whisper-quiet. It is pristine. The door slides open as predicted right in front of us.

We carry on the luggage, stow it in a convenient luggage compartment, and take our places in seats 32 and 33, on one side of the wide, carpeted central aisle. There's a single row of seats on the opposite side of the coach; in second class the seats are four abreast, but still wide and comfortable. The rounded contours of the coach are more plane-like than train-like, although the big picture windows give an un-plane-like impression of light and airiness. As in a plane, though, the seats recline. Each has its own overhead light. The tray tables pull down, disclosing a panel with information about the TGV. I reach automatically to fasten my seat belt, that instinctive gesture as you settle into a plane. But it's not there. I notice other differences. There are racks overhead, not closed compartments. People drape their coats and hand luggage carelessly on them. I wait for the stewardess to tell the gentleman up ahead that his briefcase must be better stowed; when we get to Lyon it is still half on, half off the rack. We glide out of the station passing a half-dozen beautiful orange and grey trains whose streamlined grace makes all other rolling stock look shabby, old-fashioned.

At the front of the cabin, a red wine-glass-shaped light flashes on: the bar is open. The bar car is in the middle of the train, ahead of cars one, two, and three (first class), behind cars five, six, and seven (second class). We stroll in and order a half-bottle of white wine. The uniformed attendant hands it to

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us, with the glasses, two napkins, and change, while busily toasting *croque monsieurs* (grilled ham-and-cheese sandwiches), quiches, and small pizzas on a three-tiered counter-top broiler. She also serves other sandwiches, and wonderful tartines—chewy open-faced brown-bread sandwiches spread with various pâtés and rillettes. Or, if you prefer, there are hard rolls and cheese—with, of course, wine, beer, aperitifs, hard liquor, coffee and tea. For dessert the passengers can choose from a plate of assorted pastries. First-class passengers have the option of a snack from the bar car or a more elaborate meal served at their seats, plane-style; cost, $14.

We walk back to our seats with none of the pitching to and fro of ordinary train travel. We are going very fast—how fast we can't gauge—through a countryside cluttered now with factories, parking lots, and shoddy block housing, the detritus of the sprawling southern suburbs. There's very little noise or vibration. The wine in our glasses has a gentle ripple. The woman who told us two nights ago that the motion was such that it made reading impossible was flat-out wrong.

An hour and a quarter out of Paris, a loudspeaker announcement: "Messieurs, Mesdames, we have now arrived at *la nouvelle ligne* [the new roadbed]. We shall attain 260 kilometers [162.5 miles] per hour." Two hundred sixty kilometers is not how fast the TGV can go. It is how fast it is perceived to be safe, comfortable, and economical. In February 1981, along this same line, a TGV set a world record of 237.5 mph (Japan's famed Bullet Train runs at 135 mph).

We wait for a sharp acceleration, but so smooth is the operation that we feel none, although there's some pressure on the ears. On either side we spot a fence, some eight or ten strands high (it's hard to focus on anything at near range), that leaps along like a runaway shadow as the terrain dips and rises. The train itself doesn't seem to dip or rise or even ever to turn. We can no longer see the individual telephone poles—just a whitish blur as they flash by our picture window: swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, establishing a rhythm of their own, a note far from the clickety-clattery trains of our youth—or of yesterday.

Now we're in a region of long, low sweeping valleys and hills. Plowed fields, church steeples, Charolais cattle, sheep, hay, farm houses, stone-hewn hamlets all skip by. The sun has broken through the clouds and highlights the side of a stone barn, the top of a steeple, the red of the Virginia creeper. We spot the windings of a canal by the twin rows of poplars marching along either bank, the poplars topped, on this late October day, with thinning wisps of green-gold leaves.

It is just before 3 P.M. when, after one intermediate stop, we pull into Lyon. We've covered the 264 miles from Paris in two hours and forty minutes. Next year, when the rest of *la nouvelle ligne* has been completed, the trip will take two hours. You will then be able to travel from Paris to Marseille in four hours. A first-class ticket to Lyon costs $57; second class is $38. By way of comparison, the Metroliner from New York to Washington, D.C., a distance of about 230 miles, costs $77 first-class, $45 coach. The TGV is both fast *and* economical. It is estimated that each passenger will have consumed the equivalent of 2.4 gallons of premium gas on the Paris-Lyon run. Work is now under way on a new line, TGV-Atlantique, that will connect Paris with Brittany, the Loire country, and Bordeaux. That line will be in service sometime next year, and south, east, and west from Paris slim, trim orange, grey, and white super-streamliners will crisscross the land riding smoothly on their welded tracks, rolling into new modernistic stations, swinging past the small villages, the prosperous farms and vineyards, and the soaring towers of the great cathedrals that punctuate the skyline of *la belle et douce France*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LETTERS FROM BALTIMORE: *The Mencken-Cleator Correspondence, edited by P. E. Cleator (Fairleigh Dickinson, 280 pp.,*

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4,871 original Morgan Silver Dollars dating back to 1878 will be released to the public for one week only at a guaranteed price of $22.40 each. The Federal government melted down 270,232,722 silver dollars during World War I increasing their value dramatically. Each coin is guaranteed genuine .900 fine silver with a certificate to that effect. Coins may be returned within 14 days by insured mail for a full refund. Limit — 20 coins per customer. 1 Morgan Silver Dollar only $22.40 + $3 postage, handling & insurance; 5 only $112.00 + $5 p, h & ins,; 10 only $224.00 + $10 p, h & ins,; 20 only $448.00 + 15 p, h & ins,; Visa or M.C. call (800) 824-7888, Op. 709 or mail to Consumer's Coin Reserve, Dept. GQQ316. P.O. Box 1046, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.

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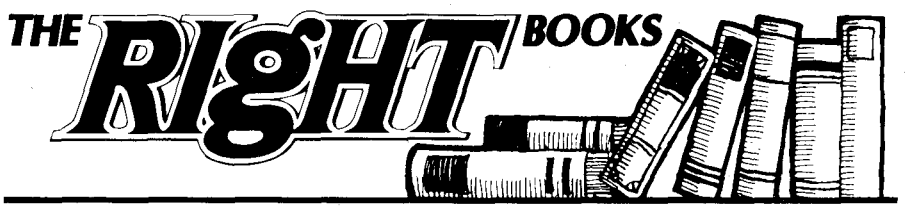

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THERE HAVE lately been a few, if not many, signs of restiveness within the American Catholic community, some of whose members are experiencing doubts about the Church's place in American society and politics today. James Hitchcock is one of these; his pamphlet *On the Present Position of Catholics in America*, published in 1978, presents a case that is the bleak inverse of the assessment blithely offered in 1960 by Father John Courtney Murray's *We Hold These Truths*. Father Murray argued that America represented something new in the world: a pluralistic consensus of the governed resting upon explicit founding documents to which Catholics could assent. Therefore, he said, the old enmity between church and state had been relieved; America was after all a good place for Catholics to be. It was not as apparent in 1960 as it was in 1978 or 1983 that the greatest danger to Catholicism—indeed to Christianity—was not the state but the society that gave it legitimacy and power: what Thomas Molnar, in *Politics and the State: The Catholic View* (Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 West 51st Street, Chicago, Ill. 60609; $7.50), calls "not merely a completely secular state but a desacralized, pagan society as well, whose impact on the state desacralizes the latter even more than would otherwise be the case."

It is Molnar's thesis that our present "absurdist civilization" is ultimately traceable to faulty political theory, which is in turn attributable to the fact that only three schools of political thought are considered respectable in contemporary American intellectual life: that of the *Federalist Papers*; that of Leo Strauss; and that of Eric Voegelin. (Marxism, Molnar says, remains "marginal," "almost un-American.") Wholly ignored is the *Catholic* concept of church and state, which, Molnar insists, is a coherent one, valuable for its practicality, and recommending itself for its "*timeless*" and "*time-bound*" qualities alike and as the framework of a Christian civilization that "should not be regarded as one modest current, paralleling others, but as the only real competitor of the civic religion." That Christian theory has no myth or ideology of its own, that it recommends no particular political regime, is in truth its greatest merit.

Molnar devotes the better part of his book to a recapitulation of Western political thought, giving particular attention to those points at which it most obviously diverges from Catholic thought. He traces it from classical theory, which made the state the "central fact of public life," through the medieval, which laid its emphasis upon God, to the modern, which places the individual at the focus of the polity; and describes the historical tension between "theocracy" and "democracy" and its temporary resolution by Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century. It was Aquinas who reconciled the notions of spiritual, temporal, and popular power, by making the state the second highest good, after God, and identifying it as the secondary agent through which God works, as opposed to the primary agent (the individual) or direct intervention (the theocrat). As Voegelin and Strauss regard the *polis* of the ancients, so Molnar sees the Thomist summation as the apex of political felicity, from which subsequent forms have declined. He is amusingly devastating on the subject of the Romantics, deriding Hegelianism as "neo-paganism" and denying that much that passes for political thought, including liberalism, is actually political, but instead mere emotionalism and bogus scientism (ideology).

IN CONCLUSION, Molnar returns to the problem of the Church in a neo-pagan "civilization." He is somewhat contemptuous of Catholics, like Hitchcock, who call for the monitoring of legislation and the election of sympathetic candidates, preferring to begin the job of renovation closer to home: "The task of American Catholics is to penetrate the Church with a political sense . . . [by] domestic pressure on the clergy, hierarchy, and theologians." □

$32.50). Until the *Diaries, My Life as Author and Editor*, and *Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work*—all of which still exist only in manuscript—are published, Mencken fans will have to content themselves with such collections of columns and letters as occasionally appear. Here we have two hundred letters, most of them previously unpublished, from Mencken to P. E. Cleator, founder of the British Interplanetary Society and author of *Rockets through Space* (1936). This may seem an unlikely pairing, and indeed Mencken expressed skepticism at some of Cleator's notions of space travel, but the correspondence flourished nevertheless, firmly based as it was in a kind of writerly friendship. Cleator wrote to Mencken as a fan, as a young writer seeking occasional advice, and as a supplier of British slang for HLM's *American Language* books. Mencken carried on his end of the correspondence in the saucy and succinct manner familiar to readers of the two earlier collections of letters. (Cleator includes none of his own letters, but provides detailed explanatory notes.) The correspondence began in 1936—chronologically the autumn of Mencken's career, and yet a time when he produced some of his best work—and continued through his long illness up until his death in 1956, by which time Cleator was down to exchanging holiday greetings with the Old Man's secretary. There are no revelations here, and no surprises, but the letters do afford a glimpse of American culture and society during the Depression and World War II. Here, for example, Mencken savors the prospect of going to the 1948 conventions: "The Democrats always give a better show than the Republicans. They are a good deal less elegant, and there are many wild men among them. Even when they are unanimous, they commonly quarrel, and once they begin to quarrel they carry on all night. Very few of them hold their liquor in a civilized manner. It is not uncommon to see United States senators and even higher dignitaries so far gone that they have to be assisted to bed. I enjoy such obscenities, and thus hope to get to this one." JOE MYSAK

A CRISIS OF TRUTH, *by Ralph Martin (Servant, 223 pp., $10.95).* Ralph Martin, founding editor of the Charismatic *New Covenant* magazine, purports to document the left-wing "attack on faith, morality, and mission in the Catholic Church." He identifies the central problem as a failure by modern theologians to take God's word seriously. Many of them see the Bible as hopelessly anachronistic and feel it needs to be reinterpreted in the light of superior modern insights. Thus religious truth is made subordinate to religious preference, and old-time Christians have given way to the new breed of theologians—slick, sophisticated, in with life's "realities," scornful of dogma, and undaunted by Scriptural

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remonstrance. The second half of *A Crisis of Truth* is devoted to the inevitable results of rejecting the Bible. Thus we have Feel-good priests, evangelical lesbians, and tax-evading bishops. Martin's bleak, but mostly accurate, account of the deterioration of the Catholic Church is almost enough to shake one's faith. There is, however, a hidden agenda in Martin's book that may find critics in the conservative Catholic camp. *A Crisis of Truth* contains a faint aroma of the Charismatic critique of the Church: not sufficiently faith-oriented, placing too much stress on papal documents and tradition, neglecting the "power of the Holy Spirit" and a "personal relationship with Christ." Of course Martin could not stress these complaints, because that would include him among the dissenters he deplores. DINESH D'SOUZA

LOVE, ELEANOR: *Eleanor Roosevelt and Her Friends, by Joseph P. Lash (Doubleday, 534 pp., $19.95).* Eleanor Roosevelt lives again in this latest installment of her protégé's labor of love. And far more impressively than in *Eleanor and Franklin* and *Eleanor: The Years Alone.* For the author has grown with his subject, and his psychological penetration now measures up to the sympathy and narrative skill that made the earlier works memorable. To describe the great lady's passionate attachments to state trooper Earl Miller, journalist Lorena Hickok, and, at the end of the narrative, to the author himself as a young GI being hounded mercilessly by Army Intelligence (what a misnomer!) for his socialist background and his innocent friendship with the First Lady, required more than judicious tact. It required honesty, courage, and compassion, virtues that Eleanor Roosevelt herself acquired in the wake of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's betrayal of her love. SELDEN RODMAN

RUSHER

(Continued from page 498)

tyevo. I can see the lordly black Zil limousines, curtained and portentous, speeding along the Nevsky Prospekt, carrying Politburo members from their country dachas to a meeting in the Kremlin. Several thousand miles to the east, I can feel myself plunging into the mass of muffled Oriental humanity in Tien An Men Square, pausing for a bowl of noodles on a side street, picking my way gingerly through the offal in the Peking—no, let's retrace our steps to the Hua Do Hotel and try to wheedle a drink out of the non-English-speaking staff in that "cozy" little bar off the lobby. Then I must run, however, for my plane is leaving for Tokyo in an hour and a half, and I can hardly wait to get the hell out of here. □

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[REGIS] COURTEMANCHE:

Book Report
[Re *Freedom and Survival in the Nuclear Age*]

The Wright Brothers held that, with the invention of the airplane, mass destruction would rain from the sky, and man would thus eschew war; yet nations lined up to buy these weapons, eager to try them on each other.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Waiting for Georgi

On The Right

Berlin, Mar. 21—We are all vaguely familiar with the arrangements, but having just today laid eyes on them for the first time, I think you would want to be reminded. First there is shoulder-high mortar and concrete. Then there is a stretch of earth, about ten yards wide. It is advertised that there are land mines buried here and there, though we are for obvious reasons not given a guide as to their exact location. After that there are tank-stoppers, which look like a knot of barbed wire, made of concrete, and magnified one hundred times. Then there is another stretch of earth, about five yards wide, where dogs run, Alsatians trained to bark and bite. Then there is a concertina of barbed wire, some of it rusty in appearance, some looking as if made of stainless steel. Either way, enough to serve its purpose. And, finally, the Wall.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the most impenetrable wall in modern history. It is to be distinguished from other fortifications in that it is very nearly unique, having no analogue save in prison walls. It is intended not to keep people from *coming in* to disturb the security and serenity of the Wall's custodians. Its function is to keep people who are inside the Wall's boundaries from going out. Thus 17 million East Germans are prevented from doing the kind of thing they were doing before the Wall was created: leaving a totalitarian society and heading to West Berlin. There they would arrive with a suitcase of old clothes and baby pictures, and nothing else. But freedom. The month before the Wall went up on August 13, 1961, 25,000 Germans fled Communist Germany.

A DOCTOR once remarked that it is unfortunately true that many doctors and nurses have a way of habituating themselves to human pain, so much of it do they routinely see. Similarly, we live in a world, and at a time, when human pain becomes so mundane, we cease to give it particular notice. Even so, after a while we did not know what more to say about Pol Pot and, one supposes, would have got used to the continuing extermination of the Jews if, let us say, Hitler had got himself an atom bomb, to guard against any interference in the pursuit of his genocide. The only thing that would have stopped Hitler at that point would have been a shortage of Jews—as, one supposes, Stalin might have needed to take stock if the official Marxist statistician had told him one day that he was killing Russians faster than Russians were being born.

The means by which we get used to barbarism is worth the kind of attention Joseph Sobran, the brilliant essayist and columnist, devotes to the question, in his recent review of Georgi Arbatov's book, *The Soviet Viewpoint* [*NR*, Mar. 18]. Arbatov is the Kremlin's official America-expert, and he is commissioned simultaneously to advise the Kremlin on what are the most glaring current weaknesses in the West, and to egg on the West to cooperate in its decline.

Sobran does a trenchant job of isolating the expressions used by Arbatov in his new book. The point here is to demonstrate how the Soviet Union is given to trading on liberal clichés. From Arbatov nowadays you do not hear about workers' revolts (there was quite enough of that in Gdansk), or violent and bloody revolutions. Nothing so . . . uncouth. What has happened is nothing less than the transformation of Communist rhetoric, or at least the portion of it directed to the outside world, into the clichés of liberalism.

What does Arbatov talk about? He talks about "mutually acceptable solutions." About "avoiding confrontation." About "new realities" and the need to avoid any "mood of nostalgia." About "hard-liners in Washington given to saber-rattling."

What does the Communists' principal Western specialist call for? You'd never guess. For "international cooperation." What are the givens in the international situation? Well, "whether one likes it or not, we are chained together on this planet." What can't we do? Well, we can't "continue to squander our resources through the arms race." Not if "we are to avoid doomsday."

Had enough? In fact there is a great deal more. Sobran's dyspeptic commentary is classic. "Nice going, Georgi," he says to the Gulag-hawker, who has learned to speak Etonian liberalism. "The only thing you left out was 'indigenous.' But damn good anyway. Tell me: Can you do Jimmy Wechsler? Tony Lewis? Alan Cranston?"

A bitter comment, but one understood by anyone who, that very afternoon, has seen the Wall, and recognizes, furiously, that the same man who so addresses us in the idiom of antimacassar liberalism goes off at night to feed the Alsatians so that they will not tire, oil the barbed wire so that it will be sure to tear human flesh, and nourish the land mines, so that they will reliably explode, fulfilling their duties to mutilate to death any East German who fails, in a mood of nostalgia, to recognize the need to be reasonable.

I swear, I'd love to tell any Soviet goon who wants to talk about peace and love that I'd be glad to speak to him any time he likes. I would then build an exact replica of the Berlin Wall around my little negotiating table, and say: "Come on, Georgi, I'm waiting." □

WHAT DOES THE WALL SEPARATE? *Berlin*, March 23—Suppose that—don't laugh, please. We are being serious—you were the paid propaganda minister for East Germany and you were assigned the challenge of justifying the Wall. That's a little bit like receiving a memorandum from the Reichsführer, "Before you sign off tonight, do something to justify Auschwitz." But those types are grown in Communist countries, and here is the latest on Why There Is a Wall to keep people from the paradise over there from coming, as they did in such numbers up until August 13, 1961, over here.

This is how it goes. "You see, Communism is inexorable. We know this because Karl Marx and Lenin told us so. To be sure, there will be the occasional pullback, because history does not move like a glacier, rather in fits and starts, until the grand revolution overwhelms everything. Well, under the circumstances, you need an occasional prop to take care of the fits and starts—a wall, for instance, to impede temporary panics." The French use the expression *reculer pour mieux sauter*, back one step, forward two steps. See? "Moreover, the Wall is a great big gorgeous symbol of the invincibility of Communism. Just as the Christians have their Cross, we have our Wall. The symbol of: Nothing will get past our determination to aid the revolution on earth."

You like? Whoever came up with that one belongs on Madison Avenue. Imagine the case he could make *against* the Wall.

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It is, of course, an enduring humiliation to the Germans and to the Communists. The knowledge that without a wall supplemented with police dogs and machine guns and land mines you could not keep your people in their own homeland is a most awful rebuke to that homeland, particularly inasmuch as there is no reason why there need be differences between the standard of living, and the degree of freedom, given to West Germans and East Germans. Accordingly, the Wall is a scarlet letter.

But, and this must be weighed carefully, scarlet letters are more or less effective depending on the environmental position on adultery. It is true that West Germans nowadays do not sufficiently appreciate their freedom. And true that in East Germany nowadays not so many people as one might expect deplore in any politically active way their condition.

East Germany is different from the other satellites in many respects, not least that 80 per cent of the East German population regularly sees the West German population. There is simply no way of preventing this. For a while, 25 years ago, any antenna that was aimed suspiciously toward the West endangered that antenna's owner. But stopping Western television is on the order of stopping rock 'n' roll, or marijuana. So the East Germans did the next best thing, which was to try to make their own television interesting, which, however, is on the order of telling the *Daily World* to be funny. What they watch is West German television.

BUT WATCHING West German television reminds them, among other things, of Western difficulties, like crime and unemployment. The middle-aged East German has never experienced political freedom. And although the Wall constantly reminds us that East Germans would flow to West Berlin if they could do so, it is incorrect to suppose that all of them would do so. Leaving home is never easy. Home includes family and friends. And, in Communist Germany, security of the kind you get in Sing Sing, where there is no unemployment, and none of the contingent experiences that make freedom not only enjoyable, but also adventurous.

The slavish Stalinism of East Germany is most easily accounted for by the vivid memory of their neighbors to the east, millions of whom died, a generation ago, in German concentration camps, or from German bullets. It is for this reason that anything smacking of nationalism stays out of the idiom of German politics—and here we speak not only of Communist Germany but of West Germany. German nationalism brings to mind: Hitler. And before him, the Kaiser. And before him, Bismarck. At Versailles Clemenceau remarked that he was so fond of Germany, he wished at least two of them. That extraideological insight explains, in part, the durability of the Wall.

In East Germany, after forty years of Communism following 15 years of Nazism, there are people who even though they know what life is like under freedom, because they see it on their television screens every day, grow up inured to an oppressiveness they accept as one might accept freckles, or any other birthmark. We are reminded not only by East German complacency, but by West German insouciance, that reunification is many years down the road. □

THE REUNIFICATION CHIMERA

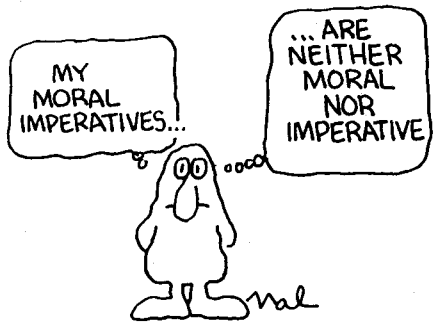
Berlin, March 25 —The Communists are very good at harassment. If you add the Teutonic inclination toward bullying, you can more easily understand why they are so good at it in Germany. In Berlin, for instance, going across at Checkpoint Charlie a visitor might be detained as though there were crowds of people to look after when, manifestly, there are no crowds whatever to look after. They simply pretend to be occupied.

Or, motoring into East Germany, en route to Berlin, one might confront a delay of one hour, two, maybe three hours. A well-trained Communist guard can examine your handkerchief as though you had hidden in it a refugee seeking access to the West.

Those are psychic forms of intimidation, to which Germans need to submit. It is estimated that 70 per cent of East Berliners have family in West Berlin. So how does one manage to strain those ties?

By means subtle and not so subtle. In order to have access to East Berlin, you need to put up 25 marks, about $12. You may not return to West Berlin with 25 marks. You are required to spend them in East Berlin, which, given the phony exchange rate, means that you can purchase twenty cents' worth of jelly beans for one dollar. Or, if you have not spent the money, at the border crossing the money will be confiscated. It goes, big laugh, to the Red Cross.

But East Germany is so poor, like the other Communist countries, that it takes wicked advantage of the West German constitution, which accords to any German, irrespective of where he was born or has lived, the German form of Social Security. So that while there is no official propaganda proclaiming the desirability of retiring into West Germany, in fact any East Berlin woman sixty years old or older can cross, to live in the West, a privilege given to men who are 65. What is accomplished by that maneuver is sending over into West Germany a population that is no longer productive, on the contrary, is a commercial drag. So, the way to beat the Berlin Wall is to grow old.



West Berliners do not doubt that, down the road, reunification will come in Germany. But the listlessness on that subject, incorporated in the surprising absence from the political rhetoric, comes from the general knowledge that there is not much point in talking about something that simply cannot be brought about in existing circumstances, but also something that is not generally encouraged by Germany's neighbors, so badly mutilated by German expansionism over the past one hundred years.

THERE ARE subtle forces working toward East German salvation. One is the Lutheran Church, whose activities, carefully nonpolitical, are countenanced. Ninety per cent of the East German population is Lutheran. The church is strong, religiously militant, it has its own resources, its own seminaries, and—as so often observed about the advantages of the catacombs—is flourishing, particularly in contrast with the general hedonism associated with West Germany, where, because freedom is free, a low price is paid for it, even as we do not expect to have to pay for the air we breathe.

The church, in addition to the public knowledge of the other way of living, brought in by television, is made real by the witness of West Berliners who travel into the East. Their effect on Communist Germany must be similar to the effect Cuban Miami has on Castro Cubans when they go to visit. There is that; there is the relative poverty of the East, the grinding monotony of life, the fear of the Soviet Union, the genetic impulse to freedom. These factors, though overwhelmed by political reality, and dampened by inertia, are what leads most of those who contemplate the surrealism of existing arrangements to conclude that, in the end, there will be reunification.

Occasionally one hears about reunification masterminded by the Soviet Union. The script goes: We will give you a united Germany, in return for a disarmed Germany. The Austrian solution. Mr. Kohl having recently been elected in West Germany, it is unlikely this plan will advance in the near future. But it is prospectively there. In which case the Berlin Wall would be moved, one assumes, to the borders of France and Switzerland. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the effects proceeding from corrupt nature—Gal. 5:20 (Knox)
88 3 15 55 136 160 218 50 67 97

B. A prayer honoring the Virgin (2 words)
95 11 92 114 200 68 168 205

C. The answer to a puzzle
110 103 7 145 59 93 120 14

D. Opportune (hyph.)
117 16 69 81 90 128 152 158 185 32

E. "I did wrong to deliver up an ___ man." Matt. 27:4 (Knox)
123 43 80 144 206 162 214 18

F. "I saw new heavens and a ___"—Rev. 21:1 (New American) (2 words)
131 82 189 71 19 108 48 150

G. Of the best quality (hyph.)
142 20 204 105 109 8 30 127 96

H. How a country governed by divine guidance may be described
151 76 13 65 78 91 130 135 141 159
183 192

I. One of Homer's epic poems (fol. *The*)
5 23 126 27 44 54 157

J. Negative comment by the horsy set
156 176 60 116 25 73 47 149

K. What Congress shall make no law respecting*
181 12 171 1 213 222 56 191 121

L. Second word of answer K
195 146 220 155 124 186 188 211 9 70
77 87 223

*This is a two-word answer, the second word being the answer to L.

M. To verify
203 134 153 196 219

N. What the Greek word *agape* refers to (2 words)
161 106 201 197 154 26 215 172 61

O. Manner in which adolescents act
178 46 62 75 89 2 6 28 125 210

P. The recipient of two New Testament letters
216 111 209 173 63 31 187

Q. A method of imparting information (bureaucratic word)
221 17 29 40 57 84 165 177 184 190
194

R. A tavern mentioned in *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle*; if not the last word, it was the first letter
10 140 37 49 170 64 83 74

S. Pertaining to what Bierce called "appointing your grandmother to office for the good of the party"
21 33 38 101 51 85 169

T. Pertaining to inflammation of the joints
36 138 52 98 147 115 182 212 174

U. A bishop's territorial jurisdiction
72 175 86 179 99 163 139

V. Ruin
193 22 122 167 198 217 4 24 45 79
102

W. To voice disapproval of
104 180 107 39 202 53 207 66 129

X. Longfellow's golden-haired daughter
137 208 164 35 41

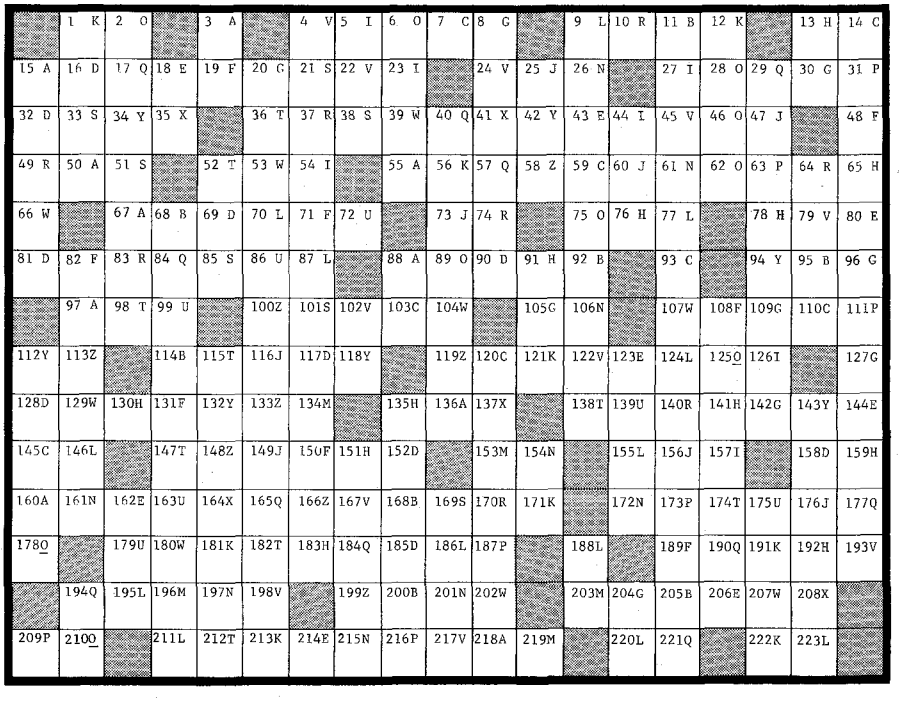
Y. Took aim
34 143 132 94 118 42 112

Z. Embarrassed by consciousness of a fault
58 100 133 113 119 148 166 199

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 514 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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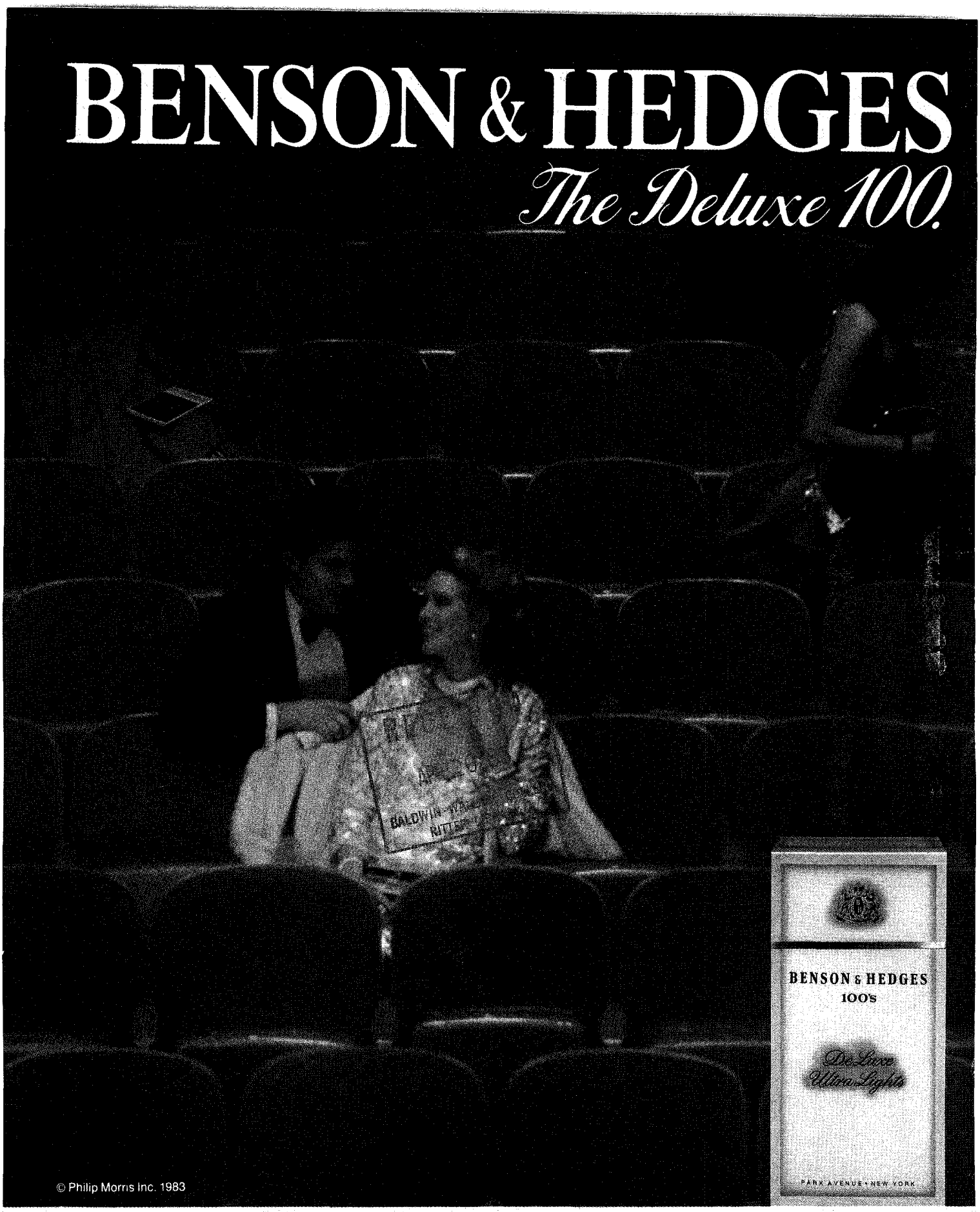
BENSON & HEDGES

The Deluxe 100.



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